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Post-Jail Interview

QUEENSRYCHE
And the Effects of Heavy Thinking

How to Get Your Own Guns N' Roses Interview

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Sleeping With the Enemy: The DEA's Fake War on Drugs

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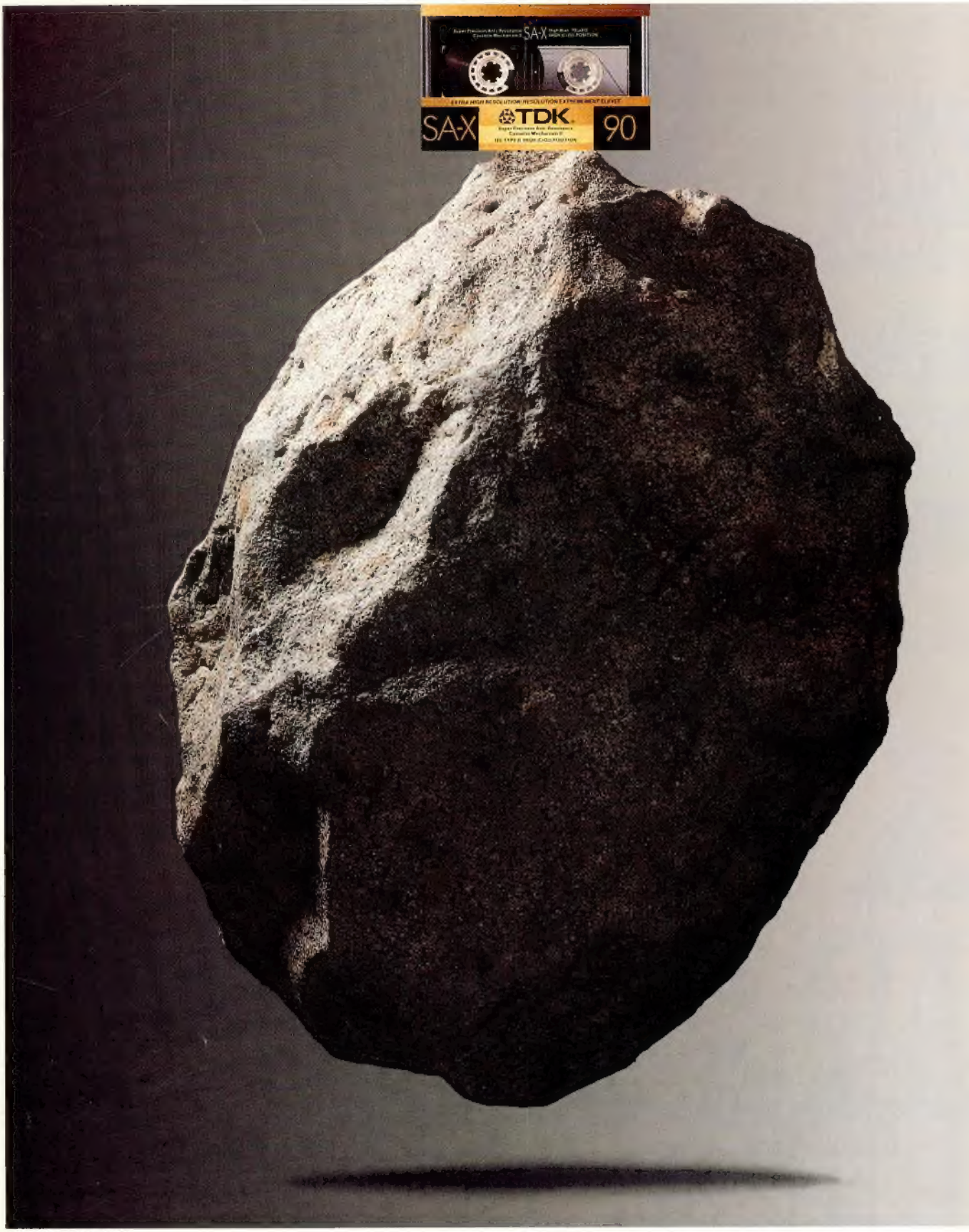

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SPIN

Jane's Addiction, page 30
Having achieved stadium status, can Jane's Addiction really carry out its threat to outgrow rock'n'roll? A candid conversation with the band on tour in user-friendly Amsterdam. By Dean Kuipers.

The Essence of Dylan, page 46
In celebration of the bard's 50th birthday, SPIN toasts rock's original aesthete. By Scott Cohen.

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Cover photograph by the Douglas Brothers. Above photo from *Bob Dylan: A Portrait of the Artist's Early Years* (Citadel Underground), copyright ©1967 by Daniel Kramer.

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TALE SPINNERS

This Land Is Our Land, a column by **Tama Janowitz**, debuts this month on SPIN's Back Page: In it, our new Reporter-at-Large will offer her distinctive take on some unsung features of America's cultural landscape (*see page 88*). Contributing Editor **Timothy White** is the author of *Catch a Fire: the Life of Bob Marley* (Holt), and editor of *Billboard*. In this month's Antihero (*page 56*), White traces the Marley legacy and the musician's attempts to stem the corruption that continues to plague Jamaica. White says that "until we can comprehend the big picture regarding the political forces arrayed against Bob Marley and his ideals, we can never fully appreciate Marley's uncommon stature as a cultural hero." • Painter/photographer/designer **Stephen Sprouse** begins his tenure as illustrator of the Antihero column this month. Sprouse is currently working on a book of his art to be published in 1992. • West Coast Editor **Dean Kuipers** catches up with Jane's Addiction in Europe (*page 30*). • Leading British photographers **The Douglas Brothers**, who photographed Jane's Addiction, have been working together for five years. "The greatest advantage of that," says brother Andrew, "seems to be that together we stand a better chance of getting at least one useable picture." Stuart and Andrew's work has appeared in *Interview*, *The Face*, and *L.A. Style*, among other publications. • **Stephen Blush**, editor of *Seconds* magazine, reports on grindcore, the newest, more-gruesome-than-ever metal movement (*page 35*). Contributing Editor **Daina Darzin** leaves her New York home to join Queensrÿche on tour (*page 54*) and uncover how they became the most explosive metal band around—against all odds. • "The same people who gave us the S&L scandal are now giving us the longest-running fraud in history—the drug war," says **Michael Levine**, a former top DEA international undercover agent. His book *Deep Cover* (Delacorte) explains how the biggest case in drug war history was destroyed by the U.S. government. In "Going Bad" (*page 58*), Levine shows that the war on drugs is a foul mélange of politics, money and special interests.

Tama Janowitz

Timothy White

Stephen Sprouse

The Douglas Brothers

Employee of the Month: Susan DeCapite, SPIN's Platter du Jour illustrator and Receptionist Extraordinaire, answers the phone in an excellent English accent. If you don't believe us, call her. But don't ask for us.

TOP TO BOTTOM: MICHEL DELSOL, LARRY BUSACCA, GREG WATERMANN

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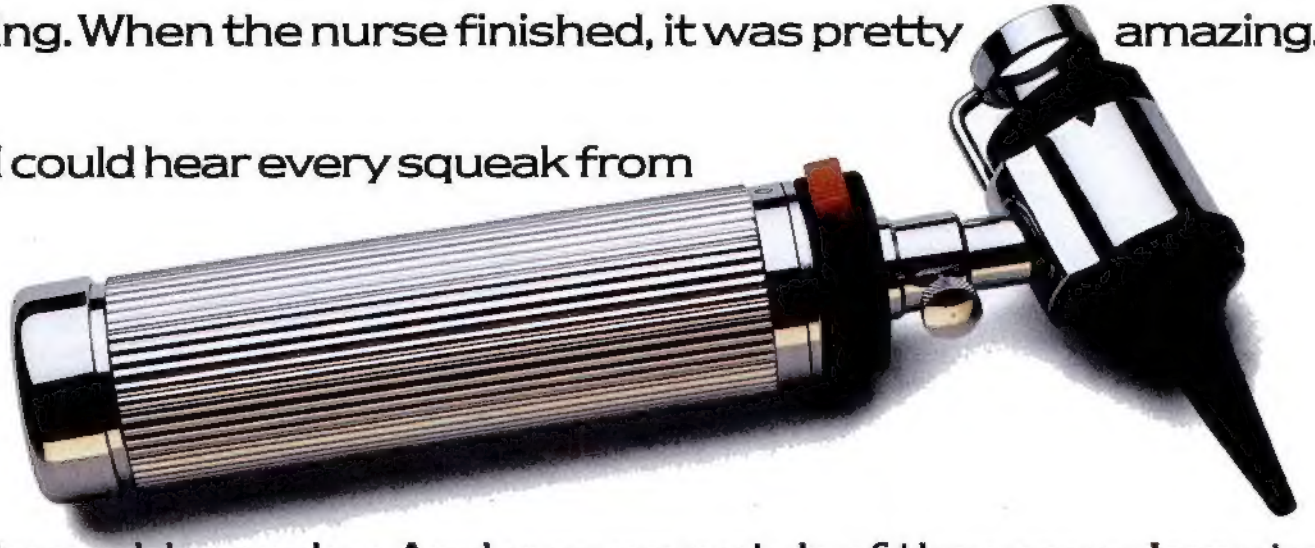
"I went to see the doctor today. He poked a little. Probed a little. And lectured a lot. Everything was okay until he came to my ears. Turned out they needed cleaning. When the nurse finished, it was pretty amazing. I could hear every squeak from



her rubber soles. And every scratch of the pen as I wrote them out a check I knew I couldn't possibly cover. On the way home I flipped on my car stereo and cranked it up. Unbelievable. It was like I was hearing it for the very first time. Those speakers are gone in the morning."

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TOP SPIN

THE DOUGLAS BROTHERS

Jane's Addiction on the road. The band is bigger than it's ever been with *Ritual de lo Habitual* on the charts and a summer festival tour in the works, but rumors of an end abound. See page 30 for the exclusive story.

In late March, George Will wrote a column in *Newsweek* where he decried the '60s, Oliver Stone's infatuation with that decade, Norman Mailer, anyone who believed that the '60s were in any way meaningful, and Jim Morrison. Will really lambasted Morrison. The essay, a pap smear from Will's obvious mid life crisis, picked at Morrison's tragic excesses and indicted not only that generation but this one too on the charge that youth culture is a failure (suggesting haughtily that it is also an oxymoron): "The problem is juvenophilia. It is the foolishness of listening for wisdom from the mouths of babes and hoping that youthful vigor . . . will liberate by smashing suffocating old structures" writes our unhappy camper.

There's impatience too: He writes that Morrison "expired, bloated and burnt out, in a bathtub in Paris at 27, not a moment too soon. His life was a bad influence." He later writes, enigmatically, and obviously wishfully, that "good news suggests that America has matured, even become middle-aged. Not a moment too soon."

People who decry youth culture woefully miss the point. Which is that youth culture is healthiest when it is unfinished, and to criticize it for not being complete and tidily definable is like criticizing wet for not being dry. Youth culture is the exchange, acceptance and rejection of ideas and emotions by which youth defines itself and its eventual emergence into the driver's seat of society. It's a culture of challenge, not consensus. Like a dream when it's over (as the '60s are) it *doesn't* make as much (or any) sense as it so powerfully did before you woke up out of it. But, like the dream, it in some way shapes you, its volatile illogic contributes to the vocabulary of your acquired logic as you grow.

Was Jim Morrison's life a bad influence? Compared to what, and to whose values? Compared to, say, Ronald Reagan? Morrison didn't give us the S&L crises—*his* excesses didn't cost us half a trillion dollars. The Doors' music didn't create the homeless nation (for that's what that population has grown to), nor did it herald the disintegration of education in this country. And as much a poster boy for drug abuse as Morrison was, he didn't do as much to expand the drug problem as Reagan's cynical policies and the people his administration dealt with around the world. So while Morrison lit the sky briefly, ephemerally, a brilliant flare that trailed away and fell to ash, the net result was that his influence couldn't have been materially bad, because it didn't reach far enough. On the other hand, the lives of corrupt and morally bankrupt political and industrial leaders may cross the sky of their time less dramatically but their evil pollutes and bends generations.

All of which is unprotested, by the way, by whiners like George Will. Will rails passionately and articulately against Luther Campbell and his inflammatory and banal lyrics, but doesn't have a peep of criticism for a decade of Republican presidencies' social failures. There is such gigantic hypocrisy in that conservative sector of society, for which Will, and columnists like Pat Buchanan and William F. Buckley, sit on the perfectly manicured lawns of the illusion of the American Dream realized, like the little jockeys holding the lantern at the end of the path. It's more than hypocrisy, it's deception by diversion of attention. By focusing on Luther Campbell's ugly depiction of a desperate and ugly slice of our society, attention is diverted from the question of what created the desperate circumstances in the first place. By pointing disgustedly at the exhaust fumes billowing out of the back of the car we avoid discussion of what's wrong with the engine. In the grand scheme of things, isolating Luther Campbell as one of the culprits of what's wrong with America today is like blaming a guy who steals car radios for the HUD scandal.

Conservatives are in the business of conserving, and usually what they are trying so hard to preserve is their own outgrown lives. A lifetime, even a long one, is just one inhaled and exhaled breath in the time span of history, an irrevocable truth everyone, in their own way, eventually faces and most begrudge. I think most people don't fear death as much as they fear insignificance, that their lives won't amount to anything. I think it was the awful intensity of that fear that propelled the Chinese government to crush the student rebellion in Tiananmen Square. The Chinese leaders, in their 80s, did not want to see all they had dedicated their lives to overthrown—and therefore their lives invalidated—in their own lifetime. They wanted to preserve the illusion of their significance. They spent thousands of lives and derailed a culture's evolution to do so.

George Will's rant against youth is a howl of pain not so much against *anyone* as it is against the inevitability of his getting older and fading, and the reality that, like the ceaseless rhythm of the sea, there will always be a youth culture, hastening the erosion of the presumptions of the lives that preceded it. Will's bleating that Morrison wrote poor poetry and left "a few mediocre rock albums" is, and he knows it, pathetic criticism; not because it isn't true—that's a matter of opinion—but because it is emptily subjective. Will is irked that Oliver Stone's movie *The Doors* has, however ephemerally again, resurrected Morrison's brand of seductive anarchy. Will is like an uptight old woman bristling at the mention of sex, because he feels he *must* be indignant, that not to be will imply his resignation to his fading relevance to the world's vital core, its youth

That Morrison died young and ignominiously is not what makes him exciting, nor is excess and tragedy emblematic of youth culture's ambition and reach, as is George Will's bitter misperception. Morrison was exciting and the Doors were a great rock band and the '60s were meaningful. And now they're all done with, as they were always meant to be, repudiated and replaced by another generation's equally earnest although differently constructed youth culture. Youth is not wasted on the young, merely denied the old. Youth is a currency only the young can spend. Sometimes older people forget that, and resent it.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

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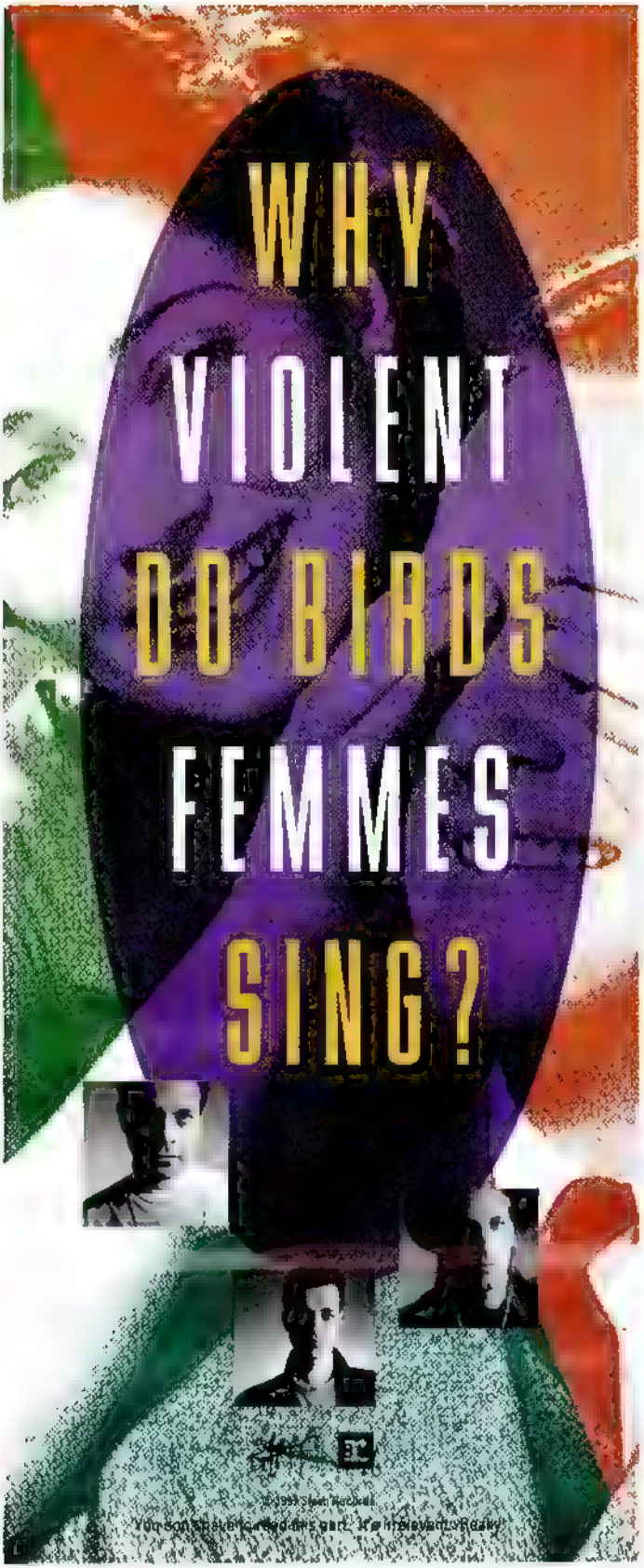


POINT BLANK LETTERS

EDITED BY

NATHANIEL WICE

Reading Everyone's Mail

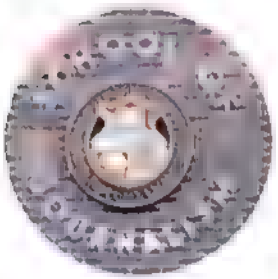
I have never seen a more pathetic, self-serving hack job than the R.E.M. cover story by Mark Blackwell and Jim Greer. All that I gleaned was that two sycophantic, star-struck clods botched the story of their careers by trying to be cagey and clever.
Reed Alexander Martin
Washington, D.C.

I couldn't help but dig Jim and Mark's R.E.M. adventure [March '91]—tag-team journalism at its drunken best. Great band, great article, and a damn good issue. (But please go easy on the fashion barrage! The best thing about the March fashion was the Geo Tracker ad, and that's kinda scary.)
Dave Caliger
South Lake Tahoe, California

Take it from an avid R.E.M. fan who isn't easily pleased: Thank you, thank you, thank you.
Dottie Alexander
Charlotte, North Carolina

The ABCs of J-School

Dean Christopher tiptoes around the problem without actually coming out and saying it: What's wrong with journalism today is journalism *school* [Topspin, March '91]. I know a number of journalists who now lament their lack of a real liberal arts education and tell me there's nothing journalism school taught them that they couldn't have learned in six months working for a publication. Meanwhile, we're turning out graduates who have no background in history or literature or political science, and who fail to develop the kind of critical thinking the study of these disciplines encourages. Without an intelligent, skeptical, and even at times cantankerous press, big business and big government can run amuck, and we risk the erosion of our uniquely American rights to freedom and democracy.
Carol Diehl
New York, New York



Before you get so full of yourselves and accuse your readers of misspelling Saddam Hussein's name [Campus Survey, March '91], you should realize that translations from Arabic to English are done phonetically. There is no "correct" English spelling of any Arabic name. According to the CIA's *Chiefs of State and Cabinet Members of Foreign Governments* the correct spelling is "Saddam Husayn." Take that.
Ben Arnim
Seattle, Washington

Touchy, Touchy

Would you guys *please* leave Morrissey alone?
Reid Mosley
West Chester, Pennsylvania

How dare you say that R.E.M. has survived the '80s with more credibility than U2. The new U2 album will soon be out. . . . Let the battle begin!
Alexx Alexander
Waterford, Michigan

A Frat Row

More articles such as "Animals in the House" [March '91] are unfortunately both necessary and long overdue. I am a former member of a national fraternity, and an alumnus of a large southern

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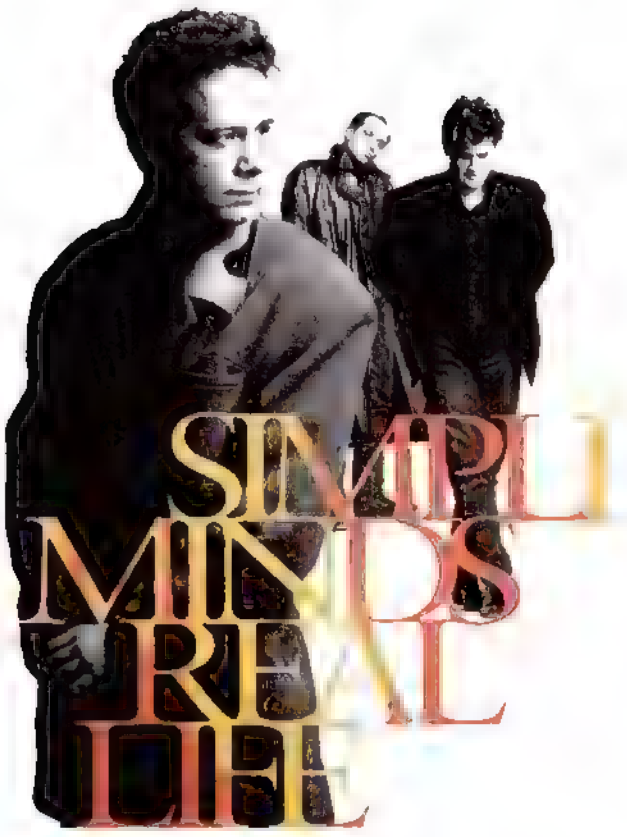

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university. I know all too well that episodes similar to the ones described in your article happen with regularity. You deserve credit for covering this story.
J. Kevin Edmundson
Arlington, Virginia

Yes, fraternity men have engaged in isolated immoral and even illegal activities, but your article served only to exacerbate one of the uninvited misfortunes of Greek membership: the ease with which others may pigeonhole the hundreds of thousands who choose to participate, characterizing them in broad, sweeping strokes.

Fraternities are natural allies in the campaign against rape and substance abuse on college campuses. The vast majority of fraternity men, past and present, encourage and support efforts to alleviate those campus tragedies. Narrow-minded, one-sided finger-pointing of the kind in which your magazine engaged, though, serves no constructive purpose in the fight against rape.
Rodman P. Hise
Beta Theta Pi, University of Iowa '88
Omaha, Nebraska

Student Slur-vey

As a queer reader of SPIN, I was disappointed and outraged at the percentage of college students who said homosexual relationships are unnatural (61.2 percent, male; 49.4 percent, female), according to your survey (March '91). And then in the "grab bag of killers" someone made the comment that he or she wanted to kill "every gay person on earth."

To all the readers of this magazine—whether or not you agree or disagree with this: Hatred is hatred, and it's dangerous to all of us.
Lee Handeland
San Francisco, California

Forum Letters

The SPIN student forum (Antihero, March '91) proved that our little music/politics ghetto is healthy enough to give a sense of belonging and sanity.
Chris Petersen
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

To quote from Jefferson Morley's (SPIN student forum) comment about the Vietnam War: "Fifty-eight thousand people died—that's bullshit!" Well, that really is bullshit, because two million Vietnamese died in the conflict.
Jim Hense
Kansas City, Missouri

Rock Is Dead

Van Halen being used by jet jocks psyching up to kill people in Iraq? (Iraq'n'Roll, March '91). Rock'n'roll isn't a force for change anymore—it's an oppressive, institutionalized tool for social control and pacification, fixated on the past.
DJ Flex
KZSC Radio
Santa Cruz, California

We Really Do Get Letters Like This Department

Congratulations (on the March '91 issue)! For the first time since 1986, I read an issue from cover to cover, each and every word. College looks good on you—maybe you should go back to school more often!
Lynn McCutcheon
Memphis, Tennessee

Radio Free America

I am outraged over your article concerning the FCC's war on alternative radio (Flash, March '91). I would like information on whom I can contact to express my opinion on this obviously unconstitutional act. I can think for myself and do not wish for someone to do it for me. In my daily life there are many things I do not like, understand (as in the Rev. Larry Poland's case), or think are right, but I do not go out and destroy them just because of my difference of opinion.
Trey Mayer
Athens, Tennessee

Editor's note: A good place to start is the FCC chairman himself (Alfred Sikes, FCC, 1919 M St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20554), who cites the voluminous obscenity complaints he receives as justification for the FCC's more restrictive broadcast rules. Also, try Capitol Hill, the White House, or other influential addresses in D.C.

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SAFE SEX IN THE USSR

A new collective of Soviet artists is surviving by visualizing its concerns about survival. Russian sex in the age of AIDS.

СПИ СПОКОЙНО

A series of posters warning of the dangers of AIDS would be a good first project for any new collective of designers and artists. But for Kvadrat, a group of Soviet graphic artists based in Moscow, the choice of AIDS posters reflects not only social and medical concerns but also an attempt to be relevant and marketable beyond the borders of the USSR.

Russian poster artists have typically worked for the government, applying their talents along all too familiar propaganda lines. Since perestroika, however, such artists are on their own and freer to do what they want. For direction and financial protection, many do what comes naturally, devising a Communist solution to a capitalist problem: They join a group.

"Kvadrat wants to be a monopoly—in the good sense," explains Victor Litvinov, founder of the group. "We are an association of artists who want to begin a business for ourselves, to gain money and to buy bread."

The collective's first project had to attract a great deal of attention. There is certainly no shortage of controversial issues in Russia—a land of impoverished people who are not just the lower class, but the *only* class. There are food shortages and bloody crackdowns on the nationalist Republics—if not all-out civil war, widespread pollution, deadly radiation and chemical wastes everywhere untended. If depicted well, these crises would shock our Western sensibilities. But Kvadrat chose AIDS—a more apocalyptic, political, and universally dreaded subject.

The posters, for the most part, reflect the generalized fears of the Soviet Union, recast in terms of a great Russian unknown: sexuality. There is a late version of America's sexual revolution going on now in the USSR—an adolescent, soft-core brand of titillation showing up in the streets and subway stations; but these days it can be dangerous: "In the media they talk about the new sexual awareness and AIDS as if they are just one thing," warns Andrei Korpik, a Kvadrat artist. "Most people are not serious about it."

Rather than conveying any sophisticated understanding of the spread of AIDS, many of the posters simply equate AIDS with women, desire, or homosexuality. But most of them have simple positive messages, such as that sex can be safe with condoms. This is tempered, however, by the fact that contraceptives of any kind are virtually unavailable in the USSR, as are disposable needles.

"We don't have syringes that you use only once," Andrei says. "Already there is a new epidemic of childhood diseases because people are afraid of having their children inoculated. We have no opportunity to protect ourselves."

"Maybe our next project will be a reflection of the political situation in our country," Victor predicts. But being self-supportive and free to attack the real problems of the USSR is not easy.

"We are tired," Andrei says. "Many artists just want to draw blue skies and clouds and flowers. It is very hard to paint from the heart."

JEREMY WOLFF

An exhibition of Kvadrat's AIDS posters will tour major U.S. cities this summer.

ALL POSTERS COURTESY KVADRAT, MOSCOW, AND WALKER URSITTI, McSWINISS NY

Fishbone *The Reality of My Surroundings* (Columbia) Another smorgasbord of ska, straightforward rock, and this time very prevalent funk, all served up fast, furious, and in a billion different directions. Most conspicuous throughout is the in-your-face double bass supporting a strong lyrical theme of ghetto holocaust. 'Bone appetit (Giron)

Jack Frost *Jack Frost* (Arista). Grant McLennan of the Go Betweens and Steve Kilbey of the Church team up for this tour de force pop parade. The two trade off vocals on what is more like a collection of shared personal stories than an album of mere cowritten songs. Kilbey says this is his own favorite work to date. Really nips at your nose (whatever that means). (Blackwell)

Thin Lizzy *Dedication—The Very Best of Thin Lizzy* (PolyGram). A fine collection of 18 slabs of whiskey-soaked twin-guitar hard rock that reminds us how much we all miss lead singer Phil Lynott—truly one of Ireland's finest rock exports of all time. *Dedication* is a celebration of all that was good about '70s hard rock. (Greer)

HEAVY ROTATION

STAFF SELECTIONS

Richard Thompson *Rumor and Sigh* (Capitol). Yet another solidly magnificent effort from everyone's favorite unknown guitar hero. Why his records don't sell very well will forever remain an impenetrable mystery—with songwriting and guitar playing as fine as this, the man should be canonized. Or at least listened to. (Greer)

Temple of the Dog *Temple of the Dog* (A&M). Hard-driving pop with vocals by Soundgarden's Chris Cornell. Bringing back memories of vintage Bad Company, this side project is pumped with emotional highs and lows, from the opening tracks "Say Hello 2 Heaven" and "Reach Down"—written in memory of Mother Love Bone's Andrew Wood—to the danceable ditty, "Wooden Jesus." Go worship. (Spencer)

Tribe After Tribe *Tribe After Tribe* (Abantic). Politically correct rockers from South Africa, this group is relentlessly hard in its approach to writing. Although the band's members have resettled in L.A., none of their anger has abated, as witnessed on "Poor Afrika" and "The Mode." There is a hypnotically trippy quality to the music, but Tribe After Tribe ain't gonna let you slip into a coma—they're gonna make you think. (Spencer)

THE PUPS ARE ALRIGHT

Almost every time I pee I think about the Chickasaw Mudd Puppies. This isn't an insult or a weird perversion, but simply the result of some past SPIN employee's interior-decorating tastes. Last summer when the office was spruced up with posters of various bands, the Mudd Pups somehow ended up right above the urinal, and since then they've gradually been defaced with graffiti. Guitarist and vocalist Ben Reynolds's tongue is sticking out, he has a handlebar moustache, and there's a little mouse peeping out from his sock. Foot-stomping, washboard-scratching percussionist and vocalist Brant Slay is drooling, blind in one eye, and has "Ozzy" tattooed on his right hand. These adornments stem more from good bathroom humor than from malice, but they do suggest one thing that's true: When it comes to the Chickasaw Mudd Puppies, people either love 'em or hate 'em.

"Reactions are either really hot or really cold," Reynolds confirms. "Naturally I want people to like us, but I don't spend much time worrying about it. It's way too countercreative. We just do what we want to do."

The main reason for the mixed emotions is that this Athens, Georgia, duo is a long dirt-road stretch from anything that could be considered a conventional band. Their music is a rockahillbilly, countrified, country-fried, kick-ass moonshine extravaganza. Onstage Slay shrieks and wails, rolling his eyes into the back of his head and flashing manic grins as if in the deep throngs of a fit. Reynolds attacks his guitar simply but bloody-finger furiously, more than earning the bastardized name written in the dust on the back window of his car after one particularly sweaty Athens show. Ben Van Halun.

Much of the Pups' negative criticism stems from the fact that their approach can easily be seen as gimmicky. In addition to the quirky music itself, the backdrop for their stage show often incorporates old quilts and kudzu, and Slay spends most of his time flailing around with cowbells, harmonicas, and washboards in a tattered rocking chair. A review of the Pups' new album *8 Track Stomp* in SPIN's March issue accused them of being "more concept than content," and a recent *Melody Maker* piece suggested that the two native rural Georgians were probably just big city guys putting on a country front. "If we changed things now because some people think it's a gimmick, then it *would* be a gimmick," Reynolds says. "Fortunately and unfortunately for us that's just how it happened. Brant sits in a rocking chair because that's what he sits in at home. This is us. It's all natural. In some ways it has turned into—I hate to say this—a selling factor and something people just love or hate. But that's how it is."

"We're just having a good time," Slay adds with a grin. "A real hooty-hoot."

MARK BLACKWELL

Happy Puppies: Ben Reynolds and Brant Slay (seated).

DANNY CLINCH

MISSED INFORMATION

The Stone Roses

Eazy's in the House: Eazy-E of N.W.A has asked LAPD brutality victim Rodney King to appear on a new version of "Fuck tha Police." But will proceeds go to benefit the Republican party? The former drug dealer turned gangsta rapper recently attended an exclusive Inner Circle luncheon, at which President Bush was present, after giving $2,500 to the National Republican Senatorial Committee. • **Fool's Gold:** Hyped as the Next Big Thing, the Stone Roses mysteriously aborted their 1990 U.S. assault. Expect them to fare better after they align with Geffen to the rumored tune of $4 million. Another Geffen grab: Texas rocker Charlie Sexton's new band, the Arc Angels. • **Champagne Fanfare Turns Flat:** Remember last year's controversy over a $500,000 federal grant to restore the boyhood home of Lawrence Welk in North Dakota? Well, Congress reversed itself, thanks mainly to the National Taxpayers Union, who dealt the plan a final blow by circulating a letter from the 88-year-old "father of champagne music" himself in which Welk said he would prefer the shrine to be established with private money. • **Good Guys *Finish* First:** *South Africa Now*, Globalvision's courageous TV news show, won the prestigious Polk Award for "reporting stories that have eluded the networks," even though the program has been canceled due to lack of funding. • **Maybe She Was Campaigning:** One of Dan Quayle's secret service agents, Joyce Fletcher, pleaded guilty to shoplifting charges after she was caught stealing a $280 ski jacket while on assignment in Colorado. • **The War on What?:** Robert Martinez, a close political associate of President Bush's son Jeb, was confirmed as the drug czar without opposition in the Senate. As reported in our March issue, he's the first drug czar known to have enjoyed the campaign support of a convicted drug trafficker, Leonel Martinez (no relation). Keep your eye on this guy: Robert Martinez's record indicates we're only going to see more cheap posturing on the drug issue. • **Movies in the Works:** *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* by Spike Lee; and the KRS-One story. • **Ungrateful Dead:** Albert Goldman's next book is on Jim Morrison. Goldman's past grave-digging subjects have been Elvis Presley and John Lennon. Since legally you can't libel the dead, is another dead-rock-star-as-subject coincidence, or another corpse dragged through the loophole? • **G N'R Lies:** First the talk was of a new album in fall '90. Then it grew to a *five*-album set in early spring '91, only to shrink back to a two-album set. At press time, we now hear it's to be two separate albums—still with no definite release date. • **This Tour's for You:** The Black Crowes were booted from ZZ Top's *Recycler* tour in their hometown of Atlanta after they once again ignored warnings not to mock Miller's corporate sponsorship of the headliners. Singer Chris Robinson came onstage and said, "We are brought to you commercial-free" for the last time. • **In the Studio:** U2, Aerosmith, Robyn Hitchcock, Jungle Brothers, Jules Shear, Psychic TV, Fugazi, and the band Hole—produced by Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon and Teenage Fanclub producer Don Fleming. • **R.I.P.:** Bill Gazzarri of the famed L.A. nightclub Gazzarri's; inventor and namer of guitars Leo Fender; the songwriter Doc Pomus; and the Kingston Trio's Dave Guard. The band Camper Van Beethoven has reportedly come to an end.

Garage Band? I'll Say!: Sub Pop has recalled all original copies of TAD's *8-Way Santa*. The album's cover featured a photo found at a garage sale without the permission of the subjects. The pictured woman's current husband, a born-again Christian, threatened to sue. "We should just let the guy put out a single with us and call it even," says a Sub Pop spokesperson

Understatement of the year: Slick Rick entered a plea of guilty to two counts of attempted murder, one count of criminal misuse of a firearm, and seven weapons charges for a drive-by shooting last year. He'll be sentenced on June 6 and faces 3½ to 9 years. Featured single on his new Def Jam album: "I Shouldn't Have Done That."

BOTTOM PHOTOGRAPH: AL CINDOR

MERCY DATE

It's freezing in New York, but Sisters of Mercy front man Andrew Eldritch is wearing only a thin jacket.

"I'm hoping to get sick enough to cancel the L.A. part of this promotional trip," he explains cheerfully. "It's horrible there."

Eldritch isn't thrilled about doing press in New York, either. "It's got nothing to do with anything that counts," he insists. Except selling records, which is why he's here anyway, promoting the Sisters' latest disc, *Vision Thing*. "That's why we make 'em, so people can hear them. In this country, they label us *alternative*—God, I hate that word. It means you're shuffled into a little department of the record company where nobody expects you to sell records."

Listening to Sisters' legendarily gloom-goth-industrial releases you'd expect their songwriter to be someone dour and poetic. Instead he seems to run on a vicious, witty sense of humor that W.C. Fields would've loved. Eldritch, too, hates dogs and children. He also hates major labels, even though he's on one now. "When you're writing you shouldn't have to worry about idiots talking to you about demographics," he complains. "It takes a lot of work to fend those people off." How does he do it?

"By being incredibly offensive," he laughs. "I push people's tolerance. I think it's good for 'em!"

If *Vision Thing* sells a zillion copies Eldritch would never make another video and would probably never tour again. Presumably, he'd pursue his unfulfilled goals. These include sleeping with Cher and owning his own church, "both the building and the faith. That cathedral in Barcelona is very nice, the gaudy one." And the faith? "The standard American religion—Send Me Money. Those guys just go on the telly and say, 'God says send me a thousand dollars'—and people do! It's brilliant."

DAINA DARZIN

Monk Business

Perhaps you've walked into a club recently, heard monks chanting, and thought you'd accidentally stumbled into a church. What is this music? Umberto Eco reading his works on top of a backbeat?

Actually it's Enigma's dance hit "Sadeness," which incorporates Gregorian chants, Indian flutes, Soul II Soul-ish beats, luscious female panting, and a circa-1983 synth hook for some of the best instrumental rock since the Art of Noise. The one-man band/producer behind Enigma is 33-year-old Michael Cretu, an Elton John and Trevor Horn fan who was born in Bucharest and now lives on the Spanish isle of Ibiza.

"People don't understand that this song isn't a joke," says Cretu. "Gregorian chants are the base of classical music as we know it. It was Pope Gregor I in the sixth century who said it was okay to play music."

Though the monks of "Sadeness" might be written off as a gimmick, the *MCMXC a D.* album proves that Enigma is more than a one-trick pony. So while copycats scurry to graft chants onto beats, Cretu is already planning a second album. "I have lots of ideas," he says, "but I can't tell you yet because other people might try them."

If Cretu sounds paranoid, that's understandable, for as he points out, "It's a small invention in music, what I did." True, it's not as big a breakthrough as the one made by ol' Gregor 15 centuries ago, but in this day and age, we take what we can get.

BOB MACK

JOY TO THE WORLD

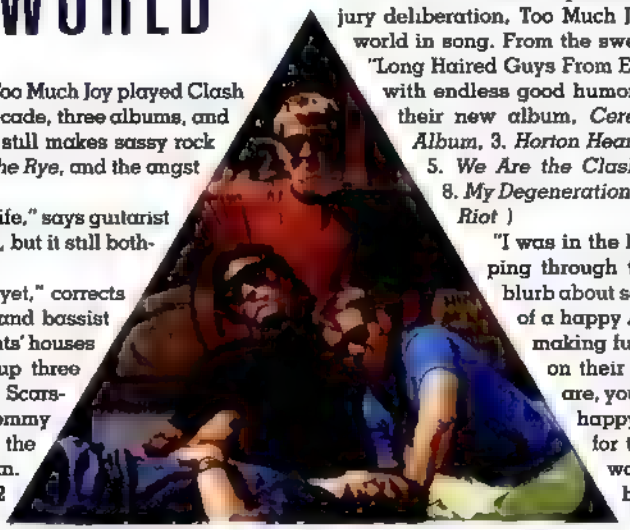
When I went to Scarsdale High School, Too Much Joy played Clash covers at dances in the cafeteria. One decade, three albums, and a few college diplomas later, the band still makes sassy rock fueled by silly crushes, *The Catcher in the Rye*, and the angst of adolescence.

"That stuff stays with you throughout life," says guitarist Jay Blumenfield. "People try to repress it, but it still bothers them. We embrace it."

"Well, we just haven't gotten over it yet," corrects singer Tim Quirk. Last year, Jay, Tim, and bassist Sandy Smallens moved out of their parents' houses and into New York City, only to end up three blocks away from each other. "Just like Scarsdale," Tim says, laughing. Drummer Tommy Vinton, from neighboring Stepinac, is the only one with a day job—as a policeman. Last August, when the band performed 2 Live Crew songs in Florida to protest censorship, Tommy was, luckily, the one member who avoided arrest. With the other three acquitted of obscenity charges after 12 minutes of jury deliberation, Too Much Joy remains free to make sense of the world in song. From the sweet single "Crush Story" to the ranting "Long Haired Guys From England," Too Much Joy shrugs off pain with endless good humor. (Ten titles Too Much Joy rejected for their new album, *Cereal Killers*: 1. *Tusk*, 2. *Despair—The Album*, 3. *Horton Hears the Who*, 4. *Don't Worry, Bea Arthur*, 5. *We Are the Clash*, 6. *Tom Waits for No One*, 7. *1998*, 8. *My Degeneration*, 9. *Scream of Wheat*, 10. *The Scarsdale Riot*.)

"I was in the bookstore the other day and I was flipping through this book," says Quirk. "There was a blurb about something called Joy Boys, and a picture of a happy African drummer. It said Joy Boys sing, making fun of the misery of life, and they pound on their drums so that no matter how sad you are, you have no choice but dance until you are happy. We found this out after being together for ten years, but in some psychic way, it was what we were about from the beginning."

GAVIN EDWARDS



Joy Boys, *from top*: Quirk, Smallens, Bloomenfield, and Vinton.

LAURA LEVINE TOP PHOTO CARLA GAHR

CAPTAIN MORGAN ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

FLASH SPECIAL

No Appetite for Criticism

So you'd like to read a juicy, behind-the-scenes, kick-ass interview with Guns N' Roses, huh? Well we'd be pleased as punch to print one for you, but when we started looking into it we encountered way too much red tape for our liking. The Gunners have instigated a policy to have journalists sign a contract (actual copy below) giving the band final okay on every single word of every single article. But even though *we* won't compromise, in case you'd like a crack at your *very own personal interview* with the Boys, here's your chance. No guarantees, of course, but they insist all interview requests start with this. So, fill in the blanks, sign on the dotted line, mail the contract to the address below, and sell your soul for rock'n'roll.

GUNS N' ROSES
c/o Stravinsky Brothers Productions, Inc.
1830 S. Robertson, Suite 201
Los Angeles, CA 90035

Dated _____, **1990**

Dear _____

1. (a) We agree to appear at an interview session occurring on _____ (the "Session") during which you shall interview us. The information obtained by you at the Session shall be hereinafter collectively referred to as the "Interview."

(b) You hereby acknowledge and agree that we shall own all right, title and interest, including without limitation, the copyright, in and to the Interview and all transcriptions or summaries thereof. Accordingly, the Interview shall be entirely our property, free of any claim whatsoever by you, or any other person, firm, or corporation (it being understood that for the purpose of your services hereunder, you shall be our employee for hire).

(c) The rights granted by you and acquired by us herein shall include, without limitation, all right, title and interest in (i) all copyrights in and to the Interview and all renewals and extensions thereof in the United States of America and all copyrights and proprietary rights therein in all countries throughout the world, (ii) all transcriptions or summaries of the Interview and all copyrights in and to such transcriptions or summaries and all renewals and extensions thereof in the United Sates of America and all copyrights and proprietary rights therein in all other countries throughout the world, and (iii) all causes of action for infringement of copyright and all other rights of whatsoever nature, vested or contingent, past, present and future, in and to the Interview and transcriptions or summaries of the Interview and all proceeds from the foregoing accrued and unpaid and hereafter accruing.

2. (a) You shall submit to us for our written approval, which we may withhold for any reason, any article, story, transcript or recording that is in any way connected with or based on the Interview (hereinafter the "Proposed Piece"). The Proposed Use, if any, approved by us in writing shall be referred to herein as the "Approved Piece."

(b) You shall have the right to use the Approved Piece solely in connection with _____ (the "Approved Use"), solely one (1) time. Neither you nor any third party shall use the Interview of the Approved Piece in any manner other than as set forth herein.

3. You shall have the right to use our name solely in connection with the Approved Use; provided, however, prior to your such use, you shall submit to us for our written approval, which we may withhold for any reason, all such material concerning us and the purpose for which you desire to use such material. In the event we shall disapprove any such material concerning us, you shall have no right to use the same. Notwithstanding the foregoing, in the event you shall desire to use the material concerning us so approved in accordance with the terms of this paragraph 3 in connection with any advertising placed by you or under your control in respect of the Approved Use, you shall have the right to use such material only if you shall utilize similar material concerning other persons whose names are embodied in the Approved Use and you shall give such material concerning us no greater or no lesser emphasis than you shall give material concerning such other persons in any such advertising.

4. You hereby warrant, represent and agree that you have obtained all necessary consents, if any, in connection with your use of the Interview. You hereby agree to and do hereby indemnify, save and hold us harmless from any and all damages, liabilities, costs, losses and expenses (including legal costs and attorneys' fees) arising out of or in connection with any use by you of the Approved Use and/or the Approved Piece.

5. You agree that the privileges granted to you may be revoked at any time. Since it is impractical or impossible to calculate the damages which a breach by you would cause us, you agree that in the event of any breach of any of the foregoing provisions, we shall be entitled to Liquidated damages in the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars ($100,000.00).

6. All rights not expressly granted herein are expressly reserved by us.

If the foregoing correctly reflects your understanding and agreement with us, please so indicate by signing in the space provided below.

Sincerely,

GUNS N' ROSES

By _____

AGREED AND ACCEPTED:

By _____

Newport

Alive with pleasure!

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Lorillard 1991

Lights Kings: 8 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine
Kings: 16 mg "tar", 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

BaByliss Straightener

Sure Skid Row is sort of cheesy, but you got to hand it to Sebastian Bach—the guy does have an awe-inspiring head of hair. Well, now you too can have tresses that even Nelson would covet, thanks to the BaByliss hair straightener. A state-of-the-art flatiron, BaByliss can make even the meanest case of frizzies smooth as ice. Pick one up at your local beauty-supply store and give those Redd Kross boys a run for their money.

THE COLD ROCK STUFF

THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Johan Kugelberg, and Daisy von Furth

Rat Fink and the Rad Rods

Ed "Big Daddy" Roth lives! The man who started out in the '50s customizing hot rods and who influenced a generation of kids born in the '60s with merchandise from his wacko Rat Fink universe, has returned with a bunch of amazingly sick hot-rod toys. Get 'em while they last. The details are excellent and the racers do lots of neat spins, wheelies, and stuff when you rev 'em up. Among the members of the Big Daddy lineup: Deputy Sludge in his Bruiser Cruiser, Junkyard Kid in the Clod Hopper, Rat Fink in his Rockin' Roadster, and more!

Rap

Images by photographer Janette Beckman and words by hip hop authority Bill Adler come together to create this cool and comprehensive scrapbook of rap. Profiles and photos of legends from the old days (Kool Herc, Grandmaster Flash, the Sugar Hill Gang) as well as the new (De La Soul, Monie Love, 3rd Bass) trace the tree of hip hop history from its roots to its budding edge. Includes song lyrics, quotes, bios, a ton of photographs, and a short introduction by Doctor Dre and Ed Lover of *Yo! MTV Raps*. An absolute must for any rap enthusiast. *St. Martin's Press, $13.95; for mail order call 1-800-288-2131.*

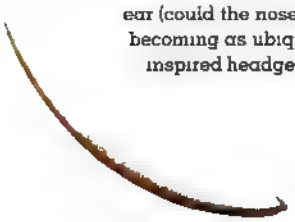
Marshall MS-2 Micro Amp

Now mobile insomniac rockers can jam on their axes all night long without taking up too much space or waking up the neighbors. Marshall has designed an amp that is so small it's destined to become a de rigueur accessory for guitar gods

everywhere. The MS-2 Micro Amp comes with a belt loop and headphone jack so you can plug in with privacy and have room to roam. Fender makes one in groovy colors, but the Marshall's sound kicks its ass. All you need now is a microguitar.

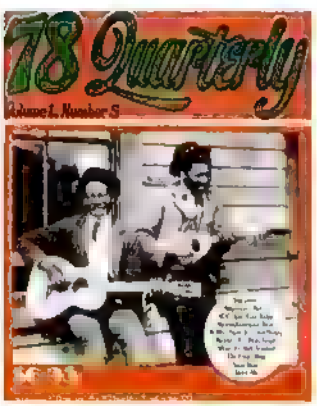
Horn Pendants

The horn pendant, a symbol of luck and fertility, and long a staple for teens who hang out in the 7-Eleven parking lot, is hotter than ever these days. Thanks to retro-grit bands like the Black Crowes and the Kentucky Headhunters, horns, whether hanging from your neck or your ear (could the nose be far behind?) are becoming as ubiquitous as the Axl Rose–inspired headgear of a couple years back.



78 Quarterly

A well-written magazine containing so much information on blues illuminati and obscuros from the days of the now extinct 78 that it'll make your head spin. This documentation of the roots of rock'n'roll exhibits such a brilliant sense of history that even those who aren't familiar with the artists covered will scan every line. Articles in recent issues include a penetration of the slang used in Robert Johnson's songs, a piece on the Victor label, and reproductions of Paramount press kits for Blind Lemon Jefferson and Ma Rainey, among others. *$32 per year subscription, $10 per issue from* 78 Quarterly, *P.O. Box 283, Key West, FL 33041*



Is It Live?
MEMOREX
METAL
CDX IV 110
Our newest and best.

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

"The only thing I ever hope from my films is to inspire dialogue," says writer-producer-director Spike Lee. This June marks the release of his fifth movie, *Jungle Fever*, which takes on the controversial issue of interracial dating. Lee says that the film, which features an original 13-song soundtrack by Stevie Wonder, "has a lot of humor in it," but the director's motivation is far from light-hearted. Lee's inspiration for the project was the 1989 Bensonhurst murder of Yusuf Hawkins, who was killed by whites who thought he had come into their Brooklyn, New York, neighborhood to infiltrate their female friend's party.

"In a lot of ways I saw [Hawkins's] murder as a lynching," Lee says. "And we know how countless black men got lynched for looking at white women with reckless eyeballing. It is no coincidence that almost every black person that was lynched was also castrated. There is something threatening about the black male sexuality. I just wanted to tie these things together."

Spike and Stevie.

Jungle Fever is the story of an Italian-American woman from Bensonhurst who is having an affair with a wealthy married African-American man from Harlem; the film centers on how their families and friends react to the relationship.

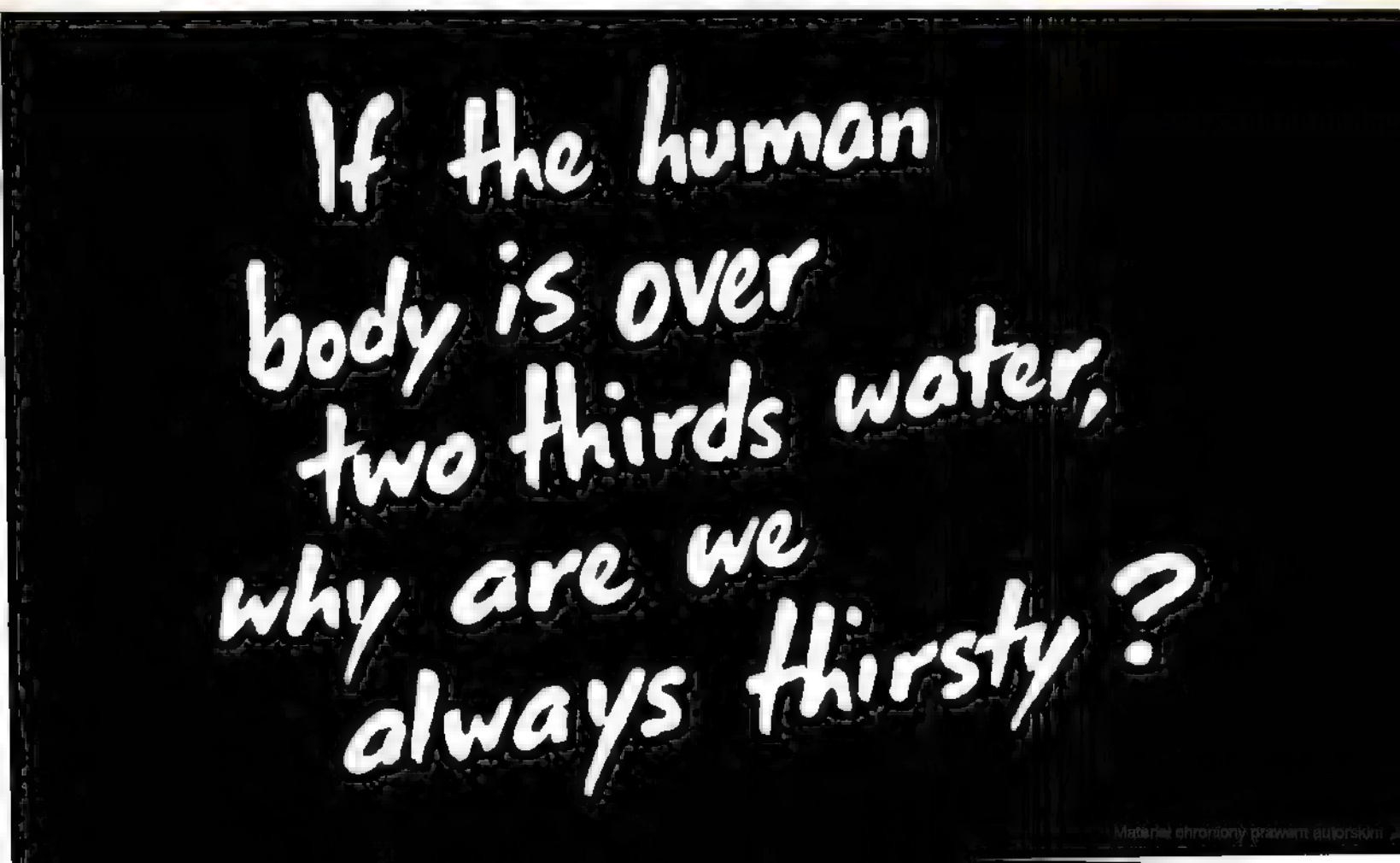
"People have to understand that this film doesn't represent every interracial couple in America," Lee cautions. "I chose blacks and Italians because they are two of the most volatile mixes in New York City. You get the Italians and the blacks together and someone is always going to end up getting killed."

DANIEL FIDLER

Dear Elvis,

Are you jealous of all the attention that Jim Morrison has been getting lately?
Ellen Saturn
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Aw, hell no, sweetie pie! You know, a lot of people don't know it but that damn movie was supposed to be about *me*. Just like Morrison, I was a big idol, I



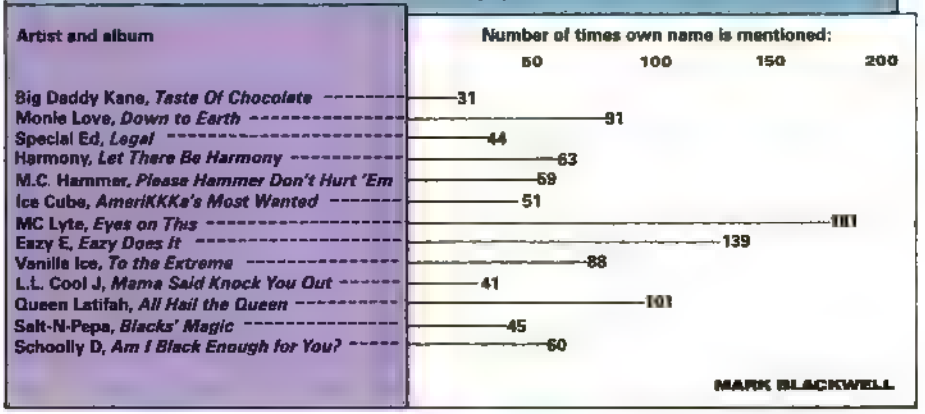
Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

caused a ruckus wherever I went, I did Ed Sullivan, and though I'm ashamed to admit it, I abused a substance or two. So they'd filmed might near half the movie about me and one day Oliver Stone was looking at some of it and all of a sudden he says to hisself, "Damn, this Val Kilmer boy looks a hell of a lot more like Jim Morrison than he does Elvis!" So he did a few of them overdubs so that when somebody says "Elvis" it sounds like "Jim," took out Colonel Tom and replaced him with that baloney about the dead Indian, and the movie *Elvis!!* became *The Doors*. I don't have no hard feelings, but I'll tell you one damn thing: If ol' Bob Guccione, Jr., ever tries to replace me with a Dear Morrison column, I *will* be pissed.

Come on now touch me, babe,
Elvis

SHRINK RAP

The American Psychiatric Association's definition for a "narcissistic personality disorder" includes the patient's having a "grandiose sense of self-importance," requiring "constant attention and admiration," and a preoccupation with "fantasies of unlimited success, power, brilliance, beauty, or ideal love." The symptoms of an "obsessive compulsive disorder" include "repetitive, purposeful, and intentional behaviors that are performed in response to an obsession." With this in mind we examined several rapper's boasting habits, focusing on how many times they mentioned their own names on a particular album. You be the psychiatrist.


Artist and album
Number of times own name is mentioned:
50
100
150
200
Big Daddy Kane, *Taste Of Chocolate* 31
Monie Love, *Down to Earth* 91
Special Ed, *Legal* 44
Harmony, *Let There Be Harmony* 63
M.C. Hammer, *Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em* 59
Ice Cube, *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted* 51
MC Lyte, *Eyes on This* 111
Eazy E, *Eazy Does It* 139
Vanilla Ice, *To the Extreme* 88
L.L. Cool J, *Mama Said Knock You Out* 41
Queen Latifah, *All Hail the Queen* 101
Salt-N-Pepa, *Blacks' Magic* 45
Schoolly D, *Am I Black Enough for You?* 60

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Strangers in

This is Depeche Mode and truth to tell they are a disturbing, irresistible, unlikely pop group; more than that, believe it or not they create something practically original, and if I were asked to write an essay that described the phenomena, explained the music, analyzed their introspection and self-possession, read good and significant things into them, interpreted their dazed and glowing point of view, well, I just wouldn't know where to begin. So strangely enough . . . this is Depeche Mode. —Paul Morley

David Gahan

Andy Fletcher

So begins the text accompanying *Strangers*, a book of Depeche Mode images by photographer Anton Corbijn. It's a stunning portrayal of a band that has won the hearts and minds of millions of fans throughout the world. Corbijn's color and black-and-white photographs, shot in Los Angeles, Prague, and various places in between, exhibit a remarkable lushness of texture that captures the band in poses varying from detached and somber to rowdy and sexy. Although there is a power and simplicity to the photos that belies words, SPIN asked the photographer to comment on the book and his work with the group.

Alan Wilder

"It was amazing," Corbijn says. We were in Prague in '88 before the revolution and it was really foreign territory. There aren't many bands that travel through those countries but the fans really recognized them. They chased us down the street. People would open up their diaries and there would be photos of Depeche Mode."

How did Corbijn get hooked up with the group in the first place? "In the early '80s, England's *New Musical Express* magazine asked me to do some shots of the band," he explains. "After that I was asked to shoot them again, but I said no at first because I thought they were wimps. But I think I changed their image and gave them a different look. They are a pop group but I wanted to portray their darker edges. The pictures look much harder than the band does in real life. They let me do what I wanted. They're the only group I've ever been able to take as far as this."

Martin Gore

LAUREN SPENCER

Paradise

depeche mode

Left: Anton Corbijn's *Strangers. Below:* Andy Fletcher (holding flowers) and Martin Gore at Kafka's grave in Prague.

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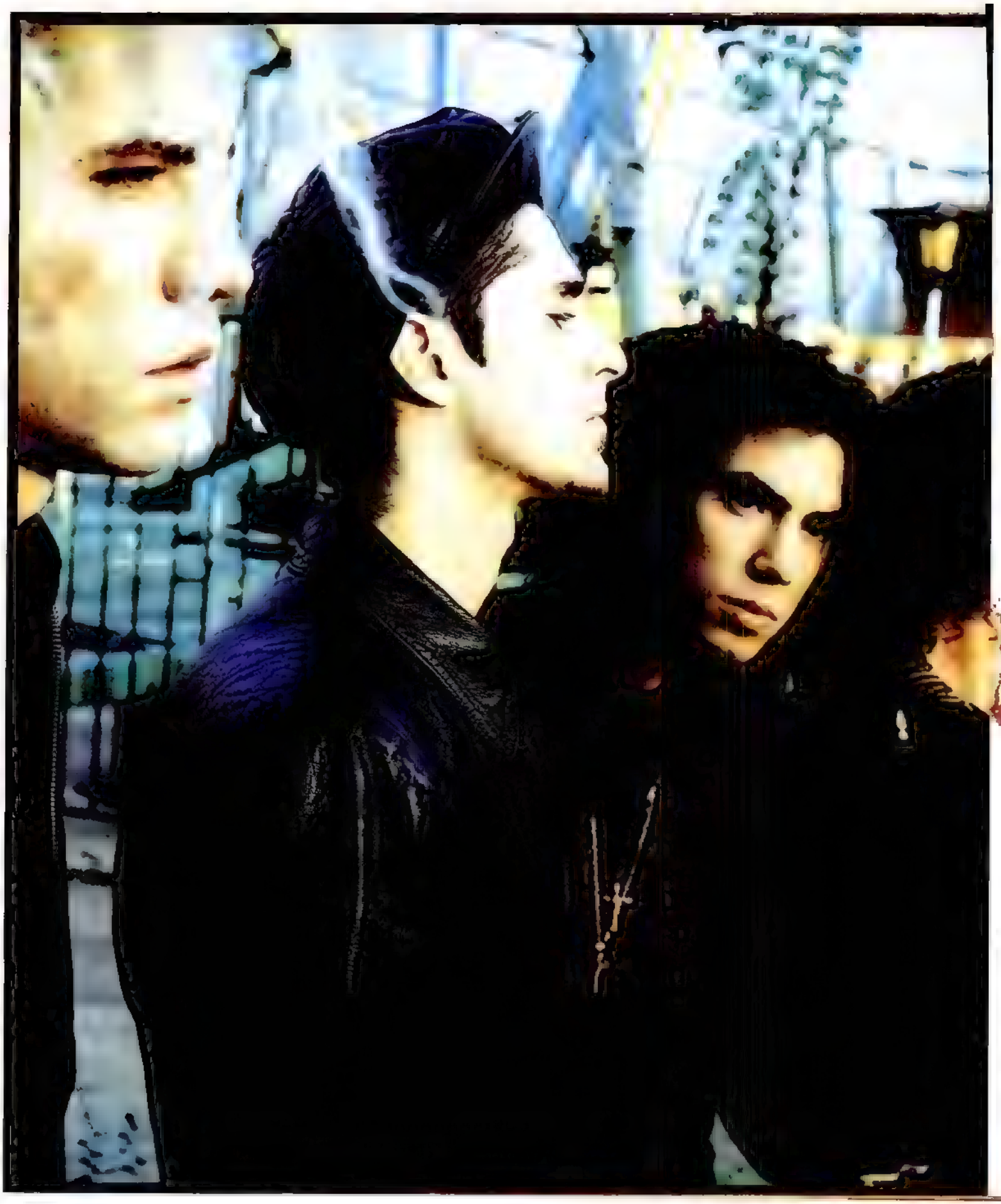


crashing

Jane's Addiction walks out and begins "Up the Beach," the opening track from *Nothing's Shocking*, the band's second album. The lean, bare torsos of Dave Navarro and Eric Avery are shining softly; their heads down, hung with guitars—radiating heat in an Amsterdam club called Paradiso. Perry Farrell sidles up to the only microphone onstage in this old converted church, picking his way through a pile of dolls, statuary, religious icons, photos, fresh flowers, and other fetishes strewn all over the equipment. "Just some of my favorite stuff," he says. The odor of mums overwhelms the smell of cigarettes and old dust.

Again, a glimpse of Pacific Coast beach. In Eric's rolling bass line—the melodic swell that carries every Jane's Addiction song—a sculptural event is happening. Flares of

single guitar chords peel up, like paper lifted by the wind. Perry is wrapped in a windbreaker, his head shaved to black stubble, the spare antithesis to his now-famous persona as an eclectic bondage-gear dread queen. Drummer Stephen Perkins throws his arms up over his head with a smile of honest rapture. *A wave breaks.* Perry lowers a bottle of red wine and drones, "*Heeeeere weeeeee go-oh nowwwwwww. . . .*"

The enormity of Jane's Addiction's power collapses over us and suddenly whatever the band does is right. The band invites us to swim in the evocative juice of Perry's poems and in its organic, untraditional metallic presence—but without waiting for an answer the

You've heard the rumors. Is it over for Jane's Addiction, or has it just begun? DEAN KUIPERS caught up with the band on their European tour to find out.

Photographs by the Douglas Brothers

warm wave licks our feet out from under us. This isn't simply entertainment. The only other lyric in "Up the Beach" is the word *home*, and by the time Perry is mouthing it, he's covering a sly smile by drinking deep from the wine. The word raises goose bumps. Something sacred is rising in the old church. Paradiso. And the sacred thing is also slipping away—we are probably watching the last Jane's Addiction tour.

The quartet of raging talents that make up Jane's Addiction has unconsciously married blues and metal to the 200-year-old artistic impulse called Romanticism. Yeah, in the Lord Byron-to-Rimbaud sense of the term. It just sort of leaked from the band's unabashed, almost microscopic sensualism. These four musicians celebrate a man whose self-knowledge is primitive and carnal—see "Pig's in Zen," "Ocean Size," and "Ain't No Right"—and assume a true and thus ethical personal freedom, applied to all matters of drugs, sex, politics, and even yet-unrecognized human rituals. They have found relief in the most common of occurrences: Beauty.

"Nature and Art—what could be more breathtaking?"

—from liner notes to Ritual de lo Habitual

Jane's Addiction's genius has one collective id and four complete egos. The Janes have sublimated their strange power—for now—into a total commitment to the band. But they are savoring the end.

IT'S ABOUT TIME JANE'S Addiction showed up to save rock'n'roll from wanking itself to death in hideous self-parody.

In the midst of all the apocryphal rage and warning shrieking from the gut of the band, it never fails to isolate moments of great insistent beauty and hold them up with the right word. Like *home*. Or the bucolic "Summertime Rolls." Or even the final pronouncement in "Mountain Song," a piece that pulls us to the center of Perry's unapologetic experience with heroin, where he screams for an end above the Janes' roaring wall—"Cash in!"

As though it were all a disposable game. Even the band itself. It is utterly impossible to know just what it's going to do from one moment to the next. Every day may be the guys' last as a band—by their own mutual agreement. And yet every day they grow more proficient, more full. This healthy ability to give it all up is what they're all about.

Perry finally doffs his windbreaker after the last strains of "Ain't No Right" to stand in grand understatement, like a gangster in an athletic T-shirt, baggy trousers, and suspenders.

"I am a Jew by birth!" Perry shouts. It's true; for all of 16 years he lived another life with his family in Flushing, Queens, as Perry Bernstein. His pop ran a jewelry store on 47th Street in Manhattan.

"Thanks for hiding my ancestors during the war!" he continues. The band members are looking away, used to this kind of outburst. The Dutch audience is still waiting for a reason to either hiss or cheer. "No, really, if it weren't for you people, I wouldn't be here right now. The folks back home asked me to say thanks."

Silence. "Hey, this is not a Nazi look. This is how we looked in the concentration camps." Utter silence. "That's a joke! My name's Perry and I'm into satanism and sports. That's another joke—I don't like sports! I guess you don't understand my sense of humor."

The Dutch journalist standing next to me leans over and says, "Don't think that they don't get these jokes; they do." But how do you respond to this, anyway? Perry acts like he's talking to himself. Maybe he is. Some guy has climbed onto a support rod in the upper arches of the church and is squatting there, agitated, jerking like a monkey about 60 feet above the floor. I was sure he was going to jump.

"Hey!" Perry shouts to the upper balcony, gesturing. "Do something up there! It either comes out your asshole, or it gives you cancer. You might as well laugh it out, right? Oh, another joke. I think it's funny. But then, I'm dying. . . ."

Perry dying. More grist for the ol' rumor mill. No one is better at that than he is. It's all part of his continuing self-reinvention. This one started with a mysterious clinic report tucked in among the "stuff" included in the remarkable multimedia fetish Perry sculpted for the cover of their 1990 release, *Ritual de lo Habitual*. The report implies that Perry has tested positive for the HIV virus. Got his name on it. He's keeping it his own fucking business. "Today let us eat and drink, for tomorrow."

"A woman is the most attractive creature nature has to offer a man. Why then is it such a shame to see her unclothed? I feel more shame as a man watching a quick-mart being built."

—liner notes, Ritual de lo Habitual

MONDAY IS A DAY OFF IN Amsterdam, and Jane's Addiction's genial manager, Ted Gardener, feasts the band and crew at an Indonesian restaurant down on the Leidsestraat. There must be 40 different dishes at each of the two tables. Some people just eat, but Stephen and Perry are in their element, chattering back and forth about tastes and textures, scanning constantly for something they may have missed. Their sense of attack is infectious. Dinner becomes a sensual event.

Dave and Eric are missing, a common occurrence since they've confronted their addictions to heroin and other drugs. This is a band strangely unified by such tensions, but as the polarization deepens it becomes clearer why they must also blow apart in the near future. Eric and Dave (who has been traveling with his wife, Tanya) ditch for the hotel directly after most shows. Perry and Stephen, on the contrary, wait for the party to come to them.

It has been agreed that Eric and Dave can use the rear lounge of the tour bus whenever they need to retreat. They pass no judgment; they have simply learned that they cannot use drugs of any kind anymore without becoming slaves to them, and that slavery is death.

Perry makes no apologies. A few hours later, we sit together in the window at the Bulldog Cafe as he fires up a little aluminum foil pipe of the local hash. His close-set, razor-sharp eyes (I caught myself saying feral) fix on a point outside, and his tongue crackles to life. He's 32, he has money for the first time in his life, and he has plans. He has just finished 30 hours of film for his Warner Bros.-funded feature-length movie, *Gift*. I ask him how long he expects Jane's Addiction to last.

"The beginning of the new year [1992]," he firmly states, "I want to do another record. We have songs that we never got to record, and I just want to put the final collection together. There might be a spot that invites us somewhere, some good place like Japan or New Zealand or Bali—someplace wild—I don't know. But I don't want to go three months past the new year."

But the music ain't over. For the past few months, he's been nurturing his latest brainchild—an enormous traveling music and alternative-living festival to be called the Lollapalooza Tour—which will kick off in July 1991 and make an annual sum-

mer event.

"Right now I'm interested in putting together humongous events. It's going to be a touring festival across America. It will last for a month, and will be a multimedia event, using music, art, and military discoveries and weaponry as forms of entertainment."

"What other elements do you want?" I ask. "Fire-eaters and tattoo shops and more circus stuff?"

"Well, you can only do so much per year—and being that this is the first year . . . I've got many surprises in store. Enough to make it, like, even if you hated every band, I don't see a way in hell that you could not find something about it that you liked. And if you didn't, then something's wrong with you—y'know what I mean?" He laughs.

"Yeah, like people who don't like to go to the circus."

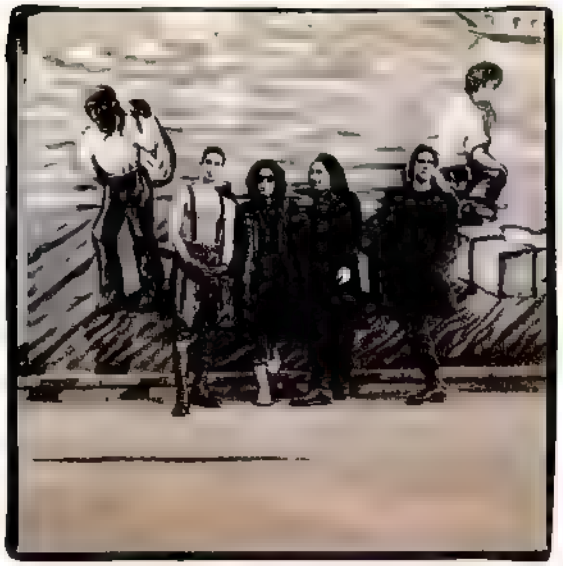
"Right! Something's wrong with them. They just don't care to bite into the apple of life. And that's fine, y'know, they should just go somewhere and starve. This place is gonna be chockfull of fun things and I want to tell you what they are, but it's just so premature.

"As my main experiment, I want to see what happens with a major exchange of information. I don't like the idea of the world being controlled by the news media. We need to exchange ideas somewhere else, another forum. The cafes aren't being used anymore, so let's try it at a festival. Everybody's all of a sudden aware at a different level."

Nineteen-ninety was a strange and terrible year for Jane's Addiction, during which *Ritual de lo Habitual* went gold while the band's overt sensualism and simple refusal to compromise invited catcalls from everyone. Hard-rock figured these guys were fags, as usual, and Pop thought they were some Art Thing. Half the metalheads in America didn't dare love Jane's Addiction until some chicks convinced them it was heavy.

The wall-sized fetish Perry sculpted and photographed for the album's cover captures a tender mé-

continued on page 80



Jane's Addiction taking time out from its European tour (*top left, from left*). Perry Farrell, Dave Navarro, Stephen Perkins, and Eric Avery cavorting at a Viennese carnival.

GROOMING BY LUCIA SPAGNOLI

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Just when you think you know what it is... It's MTV. By illustrator Marvin Mattelson.

MTV MUSIC TELEVISION

One in a series

Napalm Death

Godflesh

GRINDCORE

Grindcore bands are doing for metal what the Geto Boys did for rap. Their top-volume brand of machinated madness makes Slayer and Co. sound like Mr. Rogers' house band.

Trey Azagthoth of Morbid Angel

Carcass

STEVEN BLUSH explores the underbelly of the movement.

A HALF-DOZEN YEARS AGO IT SEEMED HEAVY METAL WAS DESTINED TO continue as purely mindless, directionless music. But recently—spearheaded by the punk-influenced, speed-laced breakthrough of Metallica, the bad-ass mayhem of Guns N' Roses, and the major successes of rap-funk–enhanced acts like Faith No More—the era of spandex- and headband-clad metal lunkheads is being challenged by a new metal attitude eager to find new ways to experiment with both the sound and the image of rock's hardest edge. The trend is most evident in the rise of grindcore. Breaking past the the death-metal barrier, these acts constitute metal's most important development in years—and it's grisher than ever.

Primarily a U.K. phenomenon, grindcore's innovators blend the hyperspeed velocity of grungy death-metal merchants like Slayer and early-era Celtic Frost with industrial wall-of-noise texturing á la Throbbing Gristle, early Swans, and present-day Ministry. Released and promoted through the Nottingham, England-based indie label Earache Records, gnarly bands such as Napalm Death, Godflesh, Carcass, Morbid Angel, Entombed, and Nocturnus are on the verge of modern consciousness. Don't expect any of these acts to appear on *American Bandstand* or *The Arsenio Hall Show* in the near future, but their highly regarded cult status and imminent impact on the metal underground is altering the face of the genre.

The grindcore story dates back to the summer of 1987 when Earache honcho Digby Pearson put out the first Napalm Death album, *Scum*, a full-length epic comprised of brutal 30-second supersonic blasts that garnered critical acclaim and significant sales. "That album just came out at the perfect time," Pearson says. "The hardcore thing was still very strong, but this was the first time that a band had added a really metallic edge into their music, while speeding it up beyond all recognition—which is Napalm Death's hallmark. They just put hardcore and metal through an accelerator—no one could be sure what the results were gonna be—and

BOTTOM RIGHT FRANK WHITE

we just went for it.

"Basically, a lot of this label has grown out of Napalm Death's early involvement," Pearson continues. "There have been a lot of different members in Napalm Death over the years, and a lot of the bands that those members went on to join—Godflesh and Carcass, for instance—are also on the label. That band has been central to the whole label, really."

The man often credited with formulating the grindcore style and dubbing the term (*grind* is a Brit-metal synonym for *thrash*) is Napalm primary member–bassist Shane Embury. "Grindcore is now being accepted as the next extension from thrash metal," Embury offers. "At the same time, I always thought this kind of music could become popular. It's influencing a lot of people, and that's pretty weird to me. As far as how this whole sound got started, we were really into Celtic Frost, Siege—which is this hardcore band from Boston—a lot of hardcore and death-metal bands, and some industrial-noise bands like the early Swans. So, we just created a mesh of all those things. It's just everything going at a hundred miles per hour, basically.

"As far as where we're going in the future," Embury continues, "I think we've gone as far as we can with the 'gods of speed' thing. We're starting to get into slower stuff, going for longer songs, as opposed to the blast aspects. Also, the noisy, industrial stuff is coming more to the forefront. If you're familiar with our latest album [*Harmony Corruption*] I think you've got a good idea as to our new direction. We're getting into real painful noise; I just want to annoy people at the moment."

While Napalm is the barometer by which all other grindcore purveyors are measured, the musical spectrum of these artists is significant. On the straight-up death-metal tip, Florida bands such as Morbid Angel, Massacre, and Nocturnus are powerful members of Pearson's label. And while the Sunshine State has long been associated with a heavy-thrash contingent, Pearson's connection with those bands comes from his longtime association with the cult metal band Death, who introduced him to a whole spectrum of drastic groups. The most severe, by far, is Morbid Angel, whose ferocity makes Testament sound like Faster Pussycat in comparison. Led by madman guitarist Trey Azagthoth—his surname is taken from the Sumerian god of war and disorder—Morbid Angel's latest album, *Altars of Madness*, is not for the weak of heart. Azagthoth gained notoriety at last year's New Music Seminar in New York by biting himself and drinking his own blood onstage. At the time, he told people that he was a 300-year-old vampire, a charge he now vehemently denies. "When I do something like that onstage, it's not something I'm parading or some kind of gimmick," Azagthoth says. "It's just personal expression. If I feel like drinking blood, I'll do it. But I'm not totally strange, I do some normal things, too."

At this point in the discussion, Azagthoth took a brief intermission to stop his pet pit bull from mauling his next-door neighbor's dog. He then added, "I'm into contradictions. I'm into extremes."

Even more over the top is Carcass, led by onetime Napalm guitarist Bill Steer. Fusing sordid grindcore crunch with anatomically correct gore lyrics, Carcass has some of the nastiest song titles in rock history: "Cadaveric Incubator of Endoparasites," "Swarming Vulgar Mass of Infected Virulency," and "Excoriating Abdominal Emanation," to name a few. "When we started the band in early '87," Steer recalls, "there were a lot of bands with so-called gore lyrics, but they were just writing about horror films and stuff like that. To us, that was ineffective, it didn't have any impact on the listener. We wanted to introduce something that was a little more realistic. I mean, obviously, it's got a fantasy element too, because some of these ideas are very overblown. But at the same time, the roots are in reality, and that's why we use medical terminology. Also, I'd like to think that there's an element of humor there. We're not afraid to parody ourselves at times."

"We're getting into real painful noise; I just want to annoy people at the moment."
—Napalm Death's Shane Embury

"If I feel like drinking blood, I'll do it. But I'm not totally strange, I do some normal things, too."
—Morbid Angel's Trey Azagthoth

But arguably, the most innovative of these bands is Godflesh, fronted by guitarist Justin Broadrick (formerly of Napalm and Head of David). Frustrated by the limitations of metal, and disillusioned by insular politics of the "alternative" scene, Broadrick set out to stake his own unique territory. Combining nasty guitar riffing and grotesquely strained vocals with the inhuman beat-box rhythms and sampling of the best Wax Trax acts, Godflesh possesses a sound that defies explanation, a sound truly exemplary of the grindcore aesthetic.

But just because these bands share a common background and often tour together doesn't mean that they like each other. In fact, there's a fierce rivalry between all the Earache acts. "I think the only way we fit into this whole Earache thing is the fact that we evoke extreme reactions," says Broadrick. "But too many of the other bands on the label are extreme in a bad way, it's just sensationalism. We feel further apart from that scene because we're not a metal band. To me, Carcass's music is really powerful, but it lacks any real direction; what they're singing about doesn't mean anything. I think we've got a lengthier vision of where music can go, whereas a lot of these bands are already working within a set of confines. Death metal's been around for ages—and I liked it originally for the power—but now it's gone beyond a joke. I don't wanna say that Godflesh is the only band that's actually doing anything extreme, but I do think that we actually fulfill what this whole grindcore sound is all about. That's why I don't think many of these bands will last."

Heated competition not withstanding, grindcore is bound to make important inroads for music in 1991 and beyond. This year will bring new releases from all the aforementioned acts, an as-yet untitled collaboration between Napalm Death drummer Mick Harris, bassist-producer extraordinaire Bill Laswell, and John Zorn (Earache recently released Zorn's acclaimed *Naked City* album in the U.K.), plus a record by Manchester band Mighty Force, the rave-house ensemble that samples grindcore riffs and combines them with dance beats. On the live front, a Napalm Death-Godflesh-Nocturnus nationwide tour is underway, after which Godflesh may embark on a month-long jaunt with industrial auteurs KMFDM. Now the citizens of our fair land can take a firsthand look at what all the hoopla's about. Needless to say, it won't be pretty.

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KEEP EVOLVING.

HOTEL

FROM ONE-NIGHT STANDS TO PERMANENT VACATIONS, THE WALLS OF NEW YORK'S CHELSEA HOTEL HAVE WITNESSED SOME OF THE STRANGEST STORIES IN ROCK 'N' ROLL.

Tales From the Rock Hotel

The Chelsea Hotel, built in 1884, is more than just a landmark building (it was declared one in the 1970s): The hotel has shaped rock history. Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen played out their romantic end game within the Chelsea's walls; Janis Joplin, a regular client, partied hearty with the Grateful Dead there; Bob Dylan, domiciled at the Chelsea with wife and child, wrote "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" (an event commemorated in "Sara"); the more literal-minded Jefferson Airplane offered "The Third Week at the Chelsea." Even the hotel's hazy myths are larger than life: The Red Hot Chili Peppers are said to have skateboarded through her ample hallways, and reggae ruler Bob Marley, on a trip from Jamaica with wife Rita, surveyed the New York City skyline from the Chelsea's wrought-iron balconies.

In 1964 Andy Warhol checked in to make the *hommage à ennui* "Chelsea Girls," and the following decade saw Patti Smith—often seen there with then-boyfriend Sam Shepard—hosting the Robert Mapplethorpe nipple-piercing session immortalized in the underground flick *Robert Having His Nipple Pierced*. During Leonard Cohen's stay he popped in to Edie Sedgwick's room (to borrow clean towels, no doubt) and predicted disaster, noting that her candles were "arranged all wrong." And sure enough, her apartment caught fire two days later. Noted surrealist Alice Cooper caused a stir in the '70s, parading through the lobby during an FBI raid with his pet python, which escaped amid the commotion.

Stanley Bard, manager of the Chelsea since 1964, has seen all of this unfold. Bard describes the Chelsea as a sanctuary for artists, but deflates the heady tales of debauchery revealing that these artists' private lives were rather normal. Sid and Nancy were, he says, "as quiet and nice as any people you could imagine. During the day Sid was nothing like his onstage persona." Bard describes the couple's infamously messy affair as "a modern-day *Romeo and Juliet*, a love story. They were supposed to commit suicide together; he didn't, but she did."

Through the one-night stands and permanent vacations the Chelsea endures, continuing to foster an ambiance inviting to would-be rock'n'roll animals. "The vibes are unbelievable in this building," concludes Bard. "The heritage and history is just incredible; it's like no other place around."

STORY: LAUREN SPENCER; PHOTOGRAPHER: DARREN KEITH; STYLIST: EVE FEUER; ASSISTANT STYLIST: GARY ROBINSON

THE SID AND NANCY LOOK
Previous page, *from left:* pants, Blue Zone for Chess King; leather jacket, Antique Boutique; shoes, John Fluevog; belt, Lust NYC; wig, Theresa's Wigs NYC; shirt, Go Girl; leather jacket, Antique Boutique; animal coat, Tripp NYC; fish-nets, Dolci Calze; bra, Lejaby; wig, Theresa's Wigs NYC.

STYLIN' À LA RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
This page, *clockwise from left:* shirt, Schrott at Patricia Fields; pants, Lip Service; sneakers, British Knights; medallion and ring, Robert Lee Morris; shorts, Angel's Flight for Hampton Industries; pants, Island Trading Co.; vest, Antique Boutique; sneakers, British Knights; cross necklace, Robert Lee Morris; shorts, Angel's Flight for Hampton Industries; hat, Island Trading Co.; medallion necklaces, Glen Yank NYC.

HOMAGE TO JANIS JOPLIN
Janis Joplin, says Bard, was a "very intellectual person. She was a schoolteacher and really nice. Every time she was in town to do concerts, she would rent out rooms and visit with the other guests."

Opposite page: skirt and shirt, Ghost for Showroom Seven; shawl and scarf, Emporio Armani; shoes, Alan & Suzi; gold choker, Robert Lee Morris; bracelet and leather necklace with crystal, Eric Beamon for Showroom Seven; all other beads, Sven Dia; wig, Theresa's Wigs NYC.

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BOB AND RITA MARLEY'S SCENE
Looking out over New York City from a balcony of the Chelsea Hotel, the reggae star was a long way from the seas of Jamaica, inspiration.

This page, *from left*: floral dress, Necessary Objects; head scarf, Emporio Armani; overalls, Blue Zone for Chess King; Hawaiian vest, New Republic; hat, Emporio Armani.

THE ESSENTIAL BOB DYLAN LOOM
"Dylan was very shy, very nice and reserved. Sat in his room and wrote. He lived here for years," says Stanley Bard, the Chelsea Hotel's manager. "Dylan got married at the Chelsea and wrote the song 'Sara' for his wife in their room. When they had their baby, they stayed for a while before moving out of the city to Woodstock."

Opposite page: floral shirt, Colles; black vest, Antique Boutique; scarf, Emporio Armani; cowboy hat, Sean Diaz; sunglasses, Ray-Ban for Bausch & Lomb.

MAKEUP:
LORRAINE LECKIE FOR PIPINO BUCCHERI

HAIR:
PHILIPPE BARR.

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THE ESSENCE OF DYLAN

The most influential and enigmatic pop icon of his generation, Bob Dylan remains rock's arbiter of attitude. On the occasion of his 50th birthday, SCOTT COHEN explains why. ● A shiny suit, a bit of lipstick, and a big pompadour hairdo—that's the essence of Little Richard. Blue denim, an acoustic guitar, and the open doors of a boxcar—that's the essence of Woody Guthrie. Bob Dylan's is a combination of the two. He gave folk songs a rock'n'roll attitude and rock songs a folk-music point of view. His singing style is influenced by Jack Kerouac and Larry Ferlinghetti reading poetry, but his lyrics are more French Symbolist. Rimbaud with a harmonica—that's the essence of Dylan. ● In 1965, Bob Dylan showed up at the prestigious Newport Folk Festival in a black leather jacket with a Fender electric guitar. This was during the last days of folk music and Dylan was folk music's champion. When he and his band broke into an ear-splitting, electrified "Maggie's Farm," then "Like a Rolling Stone" and "It Takes a Train to Cry," the audience felt betrayed. There was nearly a riot. After a long, awkward pause, Dylan ended his set with "It's All Over Now,

An existential Dylan plots his next move. Photograph from *Bob Dylan: A Portrait of the Artist's Early Years.* Copyright ©1967 by Daniel Kramer. A Citadel Underground/Carol Publishing Group Book. Published in May 1991.

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Miller Genuine Draft

BAND NETWORK PROFILE

BIG DADDY KANE

Miller Genuine Draft is pleased to announce its presentation of rap superstar Big Daddy Kane live in concert across America. The 22 year old Brooklyn native, who began rapping at the tender age of 13, drew his first inspiration from the very earliest days of the genre—the late 70's era of legends such as Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. Kane began his ascent to stardom seven years ago, hooking up with rapper Biz Markie and performing small scale, but power packed, shows all across the New York area. Markie introduced Kane to all the right people: rapper Roxanne Shante, who took Kane on tour as her DJ, and legendary Marly Marl, who was impressed enough to produce Kane's 1988 debut *Long Live The Kane*.

Long Live The Kane produced the mega hit "Ain't No Half Steppin'" which launched Kane on a successful major tour. Last year's followup *It's A Big Daddy Thing* rocketed the star to even greater heights, with the hit singles "Smooth Operator" and "I Get The Job Done." The resulting concert tour put Kane on stage across the country with the likes of Public Enemy and LL Cool J.

Kane's most recent album *Taste Of Chocolate*, which includes the hot single "Cause I Can Do It Right," is fast proving that Kane hasn't lost his touch, and most of all, hasn't reached his limit. His most recent honor was sharing a Grammy Award with Ice-T, Melle Mel, Kool Moe Dee, Quincy D. III and Quincy Jones for Best Rap Performance By A Duo Or Group on Jones' *Back On The Block* album.

Big Daddy Kane raps with utmost authority, a razor edged hip-hop delivery that cuts through the trivial and gets right to the heart of the matter. He's effortlessly smooth and seductive, yet cruel and destructive, all at the same time. His lyrical boasting shows a wit, insight, and streetwise intelligence that is unique not only in rap, but within the entire spectrum of pop music. As both a writer and a rapper Kane is furious. When he says that he gets the job done, and that he can do it right, he not only means it—he proves it.

Believe the hype. Keep an eye on your local listings and make sure not to miss this extraordinary rap event, and long live the Kane indeed.

Baby Blue." The audience had forgotten, or never knew, that Dylan had a rock band in high school long before he was a folk singer. They forgot that *Bringing It All Back Home* had just come out and was already a giant hit. They forgot that back home in Hibbing, Minnesota, two uncles, both licensed electricians, and his father owned a store called Micka Electric where they sold lamps, clocks, radios, and anything electrical.

DYLAN STARTED OUT WEARING BATMAN AND ROBIN–type sunglasses and would like to end up wearing a motorcycle helmet with a black plastic visor; that way no one can recognize the back of his head. But there's one pair of steel-rims that he's worn throughout the years, not so much because they're cool, but because he's nearsighted and the glasses are prescription.

DYLAN'S DEFINITION OF COOL IS MILES DAVIS TAKING A solo in a small club, turning his back on the audience, putting down his horn, walking off the stage while the band continues on, then coming back and playing a few more notes at the end. Dylan tried doing that at a couple of his shows but the audience didn't think he was cool. They thought he was sick.

DYLAN MET MARIANNE FAITHFULL AT THE SAVOY Hotel while touring England in 1965. Marianne thought Dylan was God and followed him around for two weeks, paying her own way and staying in her own hotel room. This was the tour on which *Don't Look Back* was filmed. According to Marianne, Dylan cut her part out of the film because she wouldn't sleep with him. She wasn't sure though if Dylan actually wanted to sleep with her or felt he had to make a play for her, but when the payoff came one night in her hotel room, she gasped and said, "I can't possibly. I'm getting married." Dylan had met her fiancé and supposedly told her that if she married him she would be miserable. Then he took out the poem that he was typing throughout the film—the poem that she says was written for her and that she was dying to read—ripped it up into a million pieces and threw it up into the air.

WHEN BOB DYLAN SHOWED UP AT NELL'S, A SUPPER club on 14th Street in New York, people's jaws dropped. All eyes followed him as the maitre d' led him to a center table. When Dylan realized Andy Warhol was sitting at the next table, he hopped right over. Andy was supposed to have been mad at Dylan for stealing supermodel Edie Sedgwick away from him back in the '60s. If that was true, Andy wasn't showing it. Dylan claims not to remember it. Maybe someone confused Dylan with Jim Morrison. Both rock stars had been linked with Edie and both had drifted in and out of the Warhol scene while living in the Chelsea Hotel; Dylan and his wife lived there until their first kid was born. In any event, Dylan had traded an Andy Warhol *Elvis* painting for a sofa and always wanted to confess to Andy what a dumb thing he had done. He had always wanted to tell Andy that if he would give him another painting, he'd never do it again. More than likely Andy would have offered to sell Dylan a painting, but he died shortly thereafter.

BOB DYLAN HAS ALWAYS TRIED TO REMAIN UNDERcover as much as possible. That may explain the hats. There was the corduroy brakeman's cap with the snap bill; the black stovepipe hat he wore in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*; the white felt hat he wore in *The Last Waltz*; and the yarmulke he wore to the Wailing Wall. If he's wearing a hat, usually it's some kind of cowboy hat, but not necessarily a classic like the one he's tipping on the cover of *Nashville Skyline*. Judging from his hat, it's hard to say exactly what kind of cowboy Dylan is.

Dylan's worn bowlers and top hats and the kind of straw hats you'd wear to a clambake. He's worn a bandana and a big gold earring like a pirate or Gypsy, and he'd probably wear a hood all the time if he could, but it's been quite a while since he gave a concert wearing nothing but a pith helmet.

WHEN HE PERFORMED AT THIS YEAR'S GRAMMYS, AT which he was to receive a special achievement award, Dylan and his band wore fedoras and performed "Masters of War," arranged in a way nobody had heard before. When the song was over, Dylan took off his hat to remove his guitar, then quickly put his hat back on, as if he were hiding a bald spot he didn't want anybody to know about. The award was presented by Jack Nicholson, who seems to be holding his own in the hair department.

Dylan tried to begin his acceptance speech with something his daddy once told him, but he couldn't seem to remember what it was. His daddy had told him so many things, he finally said, after a very long and awkward pause.

Later that night Dylan attended a post-Grammy party at the Rainbow Room with his mother, who was his date. She had once told him always to wear a hat when it rained.

THE FIRST SINGER TO BE HAILED THE NEW BOB DYLAN was Donovan. At one time he even went around on the arm of Joan Baez. The best new Dylan was Neil Young. He didn't really sound like Dylan, nor did he try to; he just wrote such great songs that there was no one else to compare him to. One of those songs was "Heart of Gold," which was a No. 1 hit in 1972. Dylan says the only time it bothered him that someone sounded like him was when he was living in Phoenix, Arizona, trying to forget about things—himself included—and that song would come on the radio. There he was, but it wasn't him. It seemed someone had taken his thing and run away with it. He never got over it.

Bob Marley was the first New Black Bob Dylan. The two almost met in Houston, except while Dylan was on his way over to the club where Marley was playing, Marley was on his way to the club where Dylan was playing. Then there was Bruce Springsteen, but he didn't sound at all like Dylan. Mark Knopfler really sounds like Dylan, though the similarity apparently never bothered Dylan, maybe because Knopfler never had a No. 1 record. Tom Petty was almost the New Bob Dylan, but he was probably too old. Billy Bragg was sensitive, political, and acoustic; he lasted as the New English Bob Dylan for about five minutes. In the end, of course, there's only one New Bob Dylan, and that's always been Bob Dylan.

years of serv[illegible] best[illegible] country on the [illegible]ad, they should know about style.

"I'm into upwardly global funk-a-go-go and a band called Monkey Meet!"

"Rock 'n' roll rules when Lord Travis's name is on the Gibsons."

"I'm crankin' Tony T. Powerful Talk whenever I get the chance!"

"You haven't seen live shows 'til you've seen Molly and the Heymakers play their plowboy R & B!"

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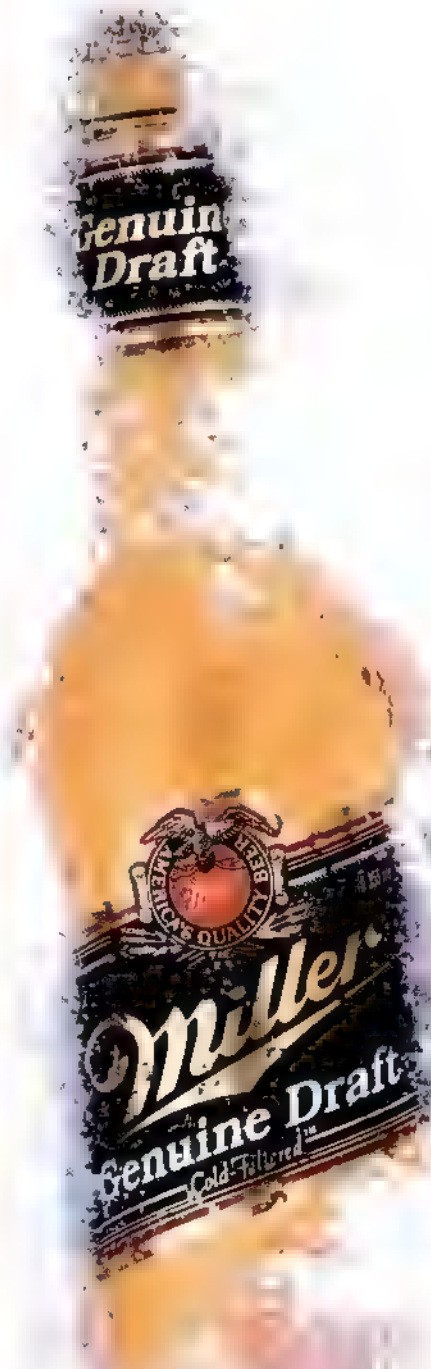
Take this band from L.A. called Monkey Meet. Calling this band funk is much too easy. That's why they call themselves "upwardly global funk-a-go-go!" You've got to check it out. And how about Worldbeat and ska? Most people don't even know what it is. Miller Brewing Company thinks it's hot enough to support L.A.'s Bonedaddys, Rhode Island's BOP (Harvey), Phoenix, Arizona's Morning Star and a New York ska band called The Toasters.

Now, if it's authentic ethnic sounds you want, it's ethnic sounds you get. For starters, there's Zydeco on the Bayou rock 'n' roll, head-bangin' ball music or the it's-hip-to-dig-rap scene. That's too easy. Freak 'em out. Throw some [illegible] Miller Genuine Draft. Band Network [illegible], because, after [illegible] themselves o[illegible] go!" You've got to check [illegible] about Worldbeat and Ska? M[illegible]

And if you want to kick up your [illegible] or cry in your Genuine Draft, the choices ain't easy but they sure are aplenty. Check out Mercury Polygram recording artists Grayhoist, or how about Warner Bros.' Molly and the Heymakers, whose [illegible] Somethin' Called Love [illegible] country charts last [illegible]. How about the roots and rockabilly [illegible] San Diego's Paladins, New York's [illegible] 7 or The Jinns, who have been known to shake the snow right off the Rocky Mountains?

Now, if you got the blues, the Band Network's got that, too, with guitar slinger Anson Funderburgh and his Rockets, featuring the sweet vocals of Sam Myers. Or, even cure what ails you with the jumpin' blues of Little Charlie and the Nightcats.

So now I'm thinkin' all that music is cool, but what about if all I want to do is rock the house? No problem. Do a Dick Holliday and the Bamboo Gang show; or maybe you're lookin' for the James-Brown-style R & B of The Dynatones, or Marcia Ball's Jerry-Lee-Lewis-Gulf-Coast R & B style, or hitch a ride on Beat the Clock's "Funk Bus," or check out why the Washington Area Music



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FREE at LAST

After doing time, James Brown is back in action with a new album, a pay-per-view special, and a whole lot to say. JIM GREER talks with the Godfather of Soul. • James Brown is free. James Brown is free! The Godfather of Soul, the Hardest Working Man in Show Business, Mr. Dynamite, Soul Brother No. 1, the Man With a Lot of Nicknames (I made that last one up) is back in business. After being sentenced to six years in jail for (essentially) no more than a traffic violation, the man is out on parole and eager to begin working again.

Which is, of course, cause for celebration. But perhaps more than that, it's cause for reflection—if only on the way this country treats its national treasures, of which Brown is certainly one. There's a more insidious side to it, as well, involving an apparent racism that many of us would like to believe doesn't exist in this country anymore. I mean, can you imagine anyone sentencing Elvis Presley to six years in jail for speeding?

James Brown's musical legacy will continue to provoke awe (as well as blatant imitation) for as long as music still matters. Even if he never sang another note, the stylistic innovations he brought into the vernacular of pop music will remain an influence and a source of inspiration. But Brown has no intention of quitting. At nearly 60, he's planning to come back in a big way, starting with a live pay-per-view concert to be held in Los Angeles in June and a new record, the making of which should be underway as you read this. The King of the One Nighters is back. Long may he reign.

SPIN: Tell me about this pay-per-view concert you'll be doing.

Brown: Well, it'll be the biggest thing of its kind ever attempted. Pay-per-view's never gone over well with concerts before. It's mostly been a fight thing. So we're working real hard to make this a success. And hopefully it will be.

SPIN: Are you planning to record a new album?

Brown: Yeah, we're going into the studio in April.

SPIN: I've heard that you might be trying to return to a rawer style, more like the late-'60s and early-'70s records. ▶

Brown: Nobody knows that! Nobody knows what I'm gonna do. I'm the only one who knows.
SPIN: And you're not telling.
Brown: Hah! You got that right. I'm not telling. You'll see in time.
SPIN: Who'll be in the band?
Brown: Oh, a number of people. I'm not ready to say.
SPIN: You've earned a lot of titles over the years—Godfather of Soul, King of the One Nighters, and so on. It seems recently, though, that the most appropriate one would be Most Sampled Man in Show Business.
Brown: That's right! That's right! I'm glad you brought that up. We're working hard on that right now, trying to get some fair compensation from all these groups. I think it's very flattering when someone uses, you know, whatever, a drumbeat or a melody of something, but they got to give something back. A lot of these guys are building their careers on my career—it's not right. M.C. Hammer is the only guy who made sure I got paid.
SPIN: Any idea how many songs have used samples from your records?
Brown: By our last count, 135, I think.
SPIN: What do you think about rap music in general?
Brown: Well, I like it all right. It's the next thing, but it's all from me and I deserve recognition for that. And too much of it, you know, they're not saying anything positive to help people. I don't like that. Music is a powerful force, and if you use it wrong, it's no good. I always try to do something positive with my music.
SPIN: Why do you think so many people find it necessary to sample your records? I mean, it was a great idea initially, but is it just a lack of creativity?
Brown: It's more than that.
SPIN: What do you think is your place, ultimately, in the spectrum of popular music in the last half of this century? Do you feel you've gotten the respect you deserve?
Brown: Well, the black man knows who I am, but the white man needs to educate himself about me. He needs to listen to the records, see the videos, read the books. But that's what it all comes down to, anyway: education.
SPIN: Do you think that's a big problem facing kids today—lack of education?
Brown: Definitely. An educated person realizes that they want something. They know what's going on. But an ignorant man don't feel bad, 'cause he doesn't know he's got nothing coming to him.
SPIN: Do you feel that over the last ten years relations between white and black people have improved or deteriorated?
Brown: They've improved—'cause more people are together. But that's not that important to me. What's important is that a man is free, educated, and intelligent. Then he can do what he wants. A rich man has never had a problem. The problem starts when a man is out of work, he has no one to blame but somebody else, he doesn't want to blame himself. If a man can't provide for his family, or if he has to wait in line for food stamps, that's when he starts thinking about a lot of other things. He can't even go to church. He can't do none of the things that make him have a clean mind or a clean body. So he's going to have a problem.

That's what causes problems between whites and blacks. If a white man is standing out there, he works, makes maybe two hundred thousand dollars, he's got a nice car, he stops in the wrong place in any of the major cities, and he's gonna freak. He sees a group of blacks coming, and he gets scared. Because he don't know what's happening.

It's almost like me and you standing next to some wooded area and we hear something strange from inside the woods. We want to get away from the woods. Well that's the same when you're white. You see a black coming and you know the man don't have anything, ninety percent of them, and he's not educated and you don't even want to stand there, and you sure ain't gonna walk up and say, 'What do you need?,' because you know if he wants something, he'll come up and take it.

"It was really sad that it could happen to me, or happen to Dr. King, or happen to Malcolm X, or happen to a whole lot of people, and have it go unanswered. It can't continue like that."

SPIN: But isn't that just fear of the unknown? And isn't that a lack of education on the part of the white person in that situation?
Brown: Well, it's not the unknown—you're scared of what you do know. You know this man ain't got nothing, and you do, and he wants it.
SPIN: So what's the solution?
Brown: You start with education. You start with the individual. I mean, let's face it. You got a family that is not educated, where nobody in the family went past the ninth grade, then what do you expect to get out of the kids?
SPIN: Right. Not much.
Brown: Not much. Unless they had someone, like your great grandfather probably was, or like my grandfather, who said, "I don't want my kids to go through what I went through, and I'm going to die to keep them in school."
SPIN: But how do you produce that desire for education? A lot of the problems right now seem to stem from the lack of a cohesive family situation.
Brown: You produce it the same way you produce a desire for Coke or Pepsi Cola—you advertise it. You advertise what is going to happen to you if you don't have an education. You got to put it on their minds. They push it on your mind to drink a Pepsi Cola or drink a Budweiser or buy a Cadillac or a Lincoln or a Rolls. So let's use the same medium. Just give a man some stimulation, so he says I want to get an education and get a job.

If SPIN would use ten percent of their space showing what is really going on, and what would happen if you don't get an education, and you could illustrate that, then maybe the tax people could come and say, 'You give us two thousand dollars worth of space and we'll knock that off your taxes.' We've got to all work together. We've got a bunch of people that are ignorant. Not fools, though.
SPIN: Sounds real interesting.
Brown: What I really want to do is—I want to help. That's what I'm trying to do. We've gotta help straighten the music out, bring things back, and bring people back to themselves through the music, through the groove, through the beat.
SPIN: Did spending time in jail at all alter your perception of life? Do you feel that you were done an injustice?
Brown: Well, of course, when you see your rights—basic rights—taken away, you're not really satisfied. I just think it goes back to education—if I'd had more education none of that probably would have happened to me. I'd have had more control. Also if I'd had a decent lawyer back then. But most lawyers won't give it a fight. My lawyer defended me, showed me the bill, and told me Merry Christmas.
SPIN: The whole thing just seemed like such a sham.
Brown: I appreciate the fact that I have so many friends that didn't forget. But I am still astonished that the reaction, on a scale from one to ten, six out of ten came from white people from the beginning.
SPIN: You mean the support?
Brown: Yeah. You know why? Because they're educated. And they realized it was an injustice. After a while more people realized what had been done, and in general it helped, and all of a sudden everybody jumped in on it. It was really sad that it could happen to me, or happen to Dr. King, or happen to Malcolm X, or happen to a whole lot of people, and have it go unanswered. It can't continue like that. If we don't see these things, if we don't pay attention, if we just let these things happen—like that poor guy who got beat up by the cops out in L.A.—we'll end up without any rights, without anything.

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BRICK BY BRICK

Queensrÿche has been labeled everything from glam to thrash; in reality the band has been not so quietly building its own empire of intelligent metal. DAINA DARZIN investigates the foundation.

QUEENSRŸCHE FRONT MAN GEOFF Tate is watching from the window of his temporary condo while sailboats and jet skis traverse Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Everything's Technicolor-sunny and bright blue, a having-a-great-time-wish-you-were-here postcard you send to your mom. But Tate is grumpy.

"At the time of *Operation: mindcrime* [Queensrÿche's 1988 release], I thought the power of music and the written word was very strong—that it could influence people," Tate says. "My general attitude still points in that direction, but there's also a helplessness. So many things need to be fixed—you could spend all your life worrying about it. But it takes a lot of people to make a change. I can do my bit and recycle and try not to drive my car every day, but it takes millions of people to make a difference. Nowadays, music is looked on merely as entertainment; there's no social significance. Rock'n'roll is worthless in that direction. So why bother?"

"Do me a personal favor," interjects guitarist Chris DeGarmo. "Don't make 'Rock'n'roll is worthless' the first line of your article, *please*. I think music can have tremendous impact on people. It depends on how it's presented. There's always someone in song and art who digs into the innermost feelings of people. Not everyone writes the calculated message."

"You think people are going to go after Ronald Reagan and find out what really happened?" Tate retorts. (The songs on *Mindcrime* outline an alleged governmental conspiracy plot engineered by the Reagan administration.)

Well, no, but months after this less-than-idyllic conversation, Queensrÿche has managed something almost as improbable. *Empire* has become a monster—certifiably huge—up there on the *Billboard* charts with Wilson Phillips and Vanilla Ice.

That's not all. Queensrÿche played Guns N' Roses Night at Brazil's Rock in Rio II megafestival last January. The band had never toured in South America and figured nobody would pay that much attention to them. But once Queensrÿche hit the stage, the down-in-front contingent—diehard fans who'd flown in for the occasion and native Brazilians alike—sang along with the verses of all the band's material. The band's Japanese tour was sold out. Its eerie dream-state of a ballad, "Silent Lucidity," is

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ARMY NATIONAL GUARD

Americans At Their Best.

A1SGHR**08*NP

The industry buzz was that Queensrÿche was just too damn smart. A socially aware, high-tech, intellectual, nonsexist heavy metal band? This was product that was gonna move?

Queensrÿche, *from top:* Geoff Tate, Eddie Jackson, Michael Wilton, Scott Rockenfield, and Chris DeGarmo.

showing every sign of becoming the band's first bona fide hit single. In April, Queensrÿche began its U.S. tour, finally headlining arenas.

Mind you, the members of Queensrÿche are no strangers to arenas, though the ones they're used to playing are less auspicious than Rock in Rio. The band's been slogging around since the early '80s, warming up the headbangers for Ozzy and Kiss and Iron Maiden and AC/DC and Quiet Riot and Dio . . . an interminable slew of 40-minute opening gigs that Tate always found frustrating as hell. "Basically, you're just trying to not get things thrown at you," he complained back in '86. "It's difficult when your lyrics are going over people's heads, when the audience is going, '*What* are these guys *talking about?*' "

QUEENSRŸCHE HAILS FROM SEATTLE, although the band is not signed to Sub Pop, a label that has become synonymous with bands such as Soundgarden, Nirvana, and others who typify the gloomy, angry sounds currently coming out of that city. But it does have more in common with that contingent in the attitude department than other West Coast metal bands.

At one point Queensrÿche thought that 45 minutes of quasifame would be its lot in life. The industry buzz was that the band was just too damn smart for its own good. A socially aware, high-tech, intellectual, nonsexist heavy metal band? This was product that was gonna move? Please.

Tate insists he gets tired of the band's "thinking man's metal" tag but says dealing with uninformed music critics who assume all metal musicians are stupid, is worse.

"What upsets me is all the stereotypes," he grumbles. "How many times can you do, 'I'm a rebel, I don't care about anything'? The industry doesn't think the audience has any sort of intellect at all. They think, 'We know this works, so we'll sell 'em on it.' It's such a disgusting business."

Tate does admit that "there was a time we were really into image and we failed miserably." Around the time of its second LP release, *Rage for Order*, the band thought they needed a visual image to propel the machine. "We went *way* out there," Tate says, "and there wasn't anybody to reel us back. Thus, we created the gothic vampire look, which we quickly realized was not very comfortable as a life-style. Putting on all the makeup and the hair spray—I like to refer to that as our glam period," he says with a laugh.

The band played a few more arena opening slots, but the record didn't sell.

In 1988, Queensrÿche channeled all its residual pissed-off energy into *Operation: mindcrime*, an ambitious, complex "aural film" about a political assassin. The album served as a snarling indictment of just about everything wrong with the world. ("Religion and sex are power plays, manipulate the people for the money they pay / Selling skin, selling God, the numbers look the same on their credit cards.") Critics took notice, Queensrÿche opened for Metallica, and *Operation: mindcrime* went gold.

Empire adopts "more of a personal outlook—it's not so globally social," says DeGarmo. "The music was turbulent on *Mindcrime*, the mirror of a very turbulent time. But we've had a good last two years. We've found a bigger audience for those ideas that touched on political opinions. *Mindcrime* was a spectator seat to an event; this record is more like you're in the play. It's not as cynical."

But for Queensrÿche, this more personal LP still ends up filled with tales of a troubled world. The title track is about "the problems with Bloods and Crips and gangs in Seattle," says Tate. "It's about how tough it is for kids to find something to do with their lives when they're tempted with all the big bucks they can make selling drugs. How do you compete with five hundred dollars a day? The song's about the desperateness of the situation."

"Resistance" addresses the high cancer rate around what was formerly Washington State's Hanford nuclear plant from the point of view of the people living there; "Della Brown," according to Tate, "is the story of a homeless woman," the point being that "women in this country grow up with this fantasy dictated through the media that all you have to do is be beautiful and your life will be easy. So some girls never develop worthwhile skills that will help them. At a certain point, when you've got some wrinkles, what are you going to do?

"And rock'n'roll has exactly that image," he continues. "All the bimbos in the videos and young kids don't realize that's not reality—it's a formulated image that they're meant to buy. What do we feed kids? That drinking beer and partying is the way to go, when other countries are training their kids to be scientists, and we can't keep up with that. And science is what's going to influence the world."

"You think, Wake up kid, don't believe that's all there is to it," adds DeGarmo. "But that, to a young person, just sounds stupid. Sex will always sell, all this macho shit of the guy who's got the girl by a collar and leash—it's really degrading and stupid. It's not even stimulating sex. Sometimes you see a film that takes sex on a real emotional ride, not just the ups but the downs, that people can relate to, that's deep. But today's the time of instant information and commercials. You got thirty seconds, babe."

The ability to resist instant gratification is a quality Queensrÿche has always prized. "Everyone wants everything now. It's difficult to be patient for something you really want," DeGarmo says. When assembling the band [Tate, DeGarmo, guitarist Michael Wilton, bassist Eddie Jackson, drummer Scott Rockenfield—the lineup has remained the same from the beginning], "we were looking for people who shared the same sort of passion, who were willing to stick it out to get there." Even with its newfound success, the band's cautiously optimistic at best. "We've always tried to keep our expectations low, although we have a confidence about our work—we knew we were breaking new ground with each record.

"But if you try to second-guess public taste, if you do something that's not from the heart—if it's a commercial success, okay, though you sold yourself short internally," says DeGarmo. "But if it doesn't fly, you've failed in two directions. If we make a record we like—that comes from this intense passion for playing music—if no one buys it, at least you walk away with that." ⊕

ROBB HALPIN

SMASHING PUMPKINS
gish

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GOING

Clockwise from top left Michael Levine (*center*) and fellow DEA agent Sandy Bario (*far right*) after an undercover bust; Levine and the heroin he seized at a Brooklyn pier, Levine; ex-DEA agent gone bad, George Girard, the 850 pounds of cocaine Levine seized in Bolivia—the biggest undercover drug bust in history.

BAD

MICHAEL LEVINE, a former Drug Enforcement Administration undercover agent, spells out the truth about the hyped-up war on drugs: There isn't one—our government is sleeping with the enemy.

KABC Radio, Los Angeles, March 22, 1991—

KABC: *How could you go in every day and do this work knowing what was going on?*

Michael Levine: *Well, I did it. It was an educational process. I had a brother who was a heroin addict for nineteen years. My daughter was into drugs. I believed all this b.s. rhetoric about how foreign drug dealers are our enemy and all those who look the other way are as guilty as the drug dealers. And then I turn around and learn when I get overseas that drug dealers have bigger and better connections than any DEA agent. Just look at Noriega, for example. In 1976, President Bush, who was then head of the CIA, was having lunch with Noriega, authorizing hundred thousand dollar CIA payments each year to him. If he'd just called over to the DEA, he would have found Noriega listed on forty to fifty files as a drug dealer.*

KABC: *But this is insanity, Michael.*

Levine: *Of course it's insanity.*

KABC: *Now you're working against the government.*

Levine: *I'm not working against the government. Now I'm working for my brothers who are out on the street, who still believe this war on drugs is real. It's a total and complete fraud. We're supporting the drug dealers.*

KABC: *What do you do when you hear Bennett say we're winning the war against drugs?*

Levine: *Well, after I vomit and take a cold shower, I look at them and I realize how futile it is to argue. These people dominate the media. I wrote an article for the* ABA Journal *called "Going Bad—Corruption in the Drug War," and I named all the great people I've known who have gone bad and how the criminal conduct of our whole government helped them do it. The* ABA Journal *paid me for it, and then reviewed it and reviewed it and then decided it was too hot. They were afraid of the government. You know who's going to print it? SPIN.*

"IT'S LIKE THEY *WANT* US TO 'GO BAD,'" SAID AL, using the term DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration] agents use to describe the taking of a bribe, the stealing of drugs and money, the selling of drugs, or any of the many ways a law-enforcement officer can go from upholder of the law to violator of the law. He picked up a heavy barbell and continued speaking.

"They give the FBI an extra twenty-five thousand bucks a year . . . to work in this goddamned city . . . and us nothing . . . and half those *feebs* come to work in car pools. . . . And Lawn [Jack Lawn, ex–DEA administrator] doesn't say a word. . . . What does he care? . . . He retired and got himself a big-paying job . . . vice president . . . of the fucking Yankees."

"Yeah," said another agent, skipping rope. "He took care of himself pretty good, didn't he? And Stutman's no better [Robert Stutman, retired head of DEA's New York office]. Now that he cashed in on his DEA job and got named the CBS-TV drug expert, he's saying the government oughta spend less for law enforcement. . . . "

"Christ," said Al in exasperation. "They're all whores. A fucking saint would go bad in this business."

The words were jarring. I had known too many guys who had gone bad and every one of them was the last guy in the world anyone would have suspected. The past decade has brought with it the worst epidemic of corruption in the history of law enforcement—and almost all of it related to our war on drugs.

Within the ranks of DEA alone, cases of "misconduct" have increased during the past several years by a whopping 176 percent, 40 percent of which involve bribery, fraud, obstruction of justice, and the selling of drugs. The situation has become so critical that *experts* are being consulted to determine what the problem is.

A little more than a decade ago cases of corruption were rare. The idea that one of us would go bad was almost inconceivable. Most of the people selected to be special agents were, and still are, products of a highly moral background, as verified by lengthy and exhaustive background investigations—conservative men and women with the highest of ideals.

Add to that the continuous brainwashing we endured and the clear message that failure to inform on a fellow agent you know to have violated the law makes you as guilty as he, and you see that to be caught going bad, for a DEA agent, *is* a fate worse than death. I had known men, during those early drug war years, who on learning that they were under investigation—even for seemingly minor violations of law like overstated voucher expenses—committed suicide.

So why are DEA agents—once thought of as the least likely candidates for corruption imaginable—now going bad at such a record pace?

A Strange Case and the Beginning of a Trend

ON A WARM SPRING DAY IN 1977, I FOUND myself in a Connecticut motel room, in the company of an informer with the unlikely name of James Bond, on one of the strangest undercover assignments of my career—posing as a Mafia hood trying to buy information from DEA's secret files.

In 1977, for a DEA agent, the drug war was still a simple matter of good versus evil. I had been a federal law-enforcement officer for twelve years in four federal agencies (IRS, Intelligence Division; Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; Bureau of Customs, Hard Narcotics Smuggling Division; and DEA, beginning in 1973), during which time I had personally known only three men who had been arrested and accused of corruption, only one of which was a DEA agent accused of stealing money. Most of us actually believed the rhetoric of the politicians: that the youth of our nation were being poisoned by the deadliest and most loathsome enemy Americans have ever had to face—the evil drug dealer. And that putting them in jail—by any means—was God's work. And with a brother who had just committed suicide after 19 years of heroin addiction, I doubt that there was another agent or cop more fanatically dedicated to doing just that than I was.

I could not have been more off the wall.

There were of course some disquieting rumors

GEORGE GIRARD PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT TOBEY

US CUSTOMS AGENCY SERVICE NY
2 KILOS COCAINE FOUND CONCEALED IN FALSE SOLES IN 11 PAIRS OF SHOES
JFK 3 6 72 UNACCOMPANIED BAGGAGE FROM SANTIAGO CHILE
NYDGN 1449800

that the CIA was involved in protecting drug dealers in the Far East for political reasons. There were even some who claimed the agency itself was involved in drug trafficking—but who the hell would believe that? The meticulously researched and documented book, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* by Alfred McCoy should have had Americans screaming for investigations into the conduct of a drug war already dripping with evidence of high-level government deception and fraud, and the senseless sacrifice of human life, but was little known, poorly distributed, and successfully ignored by the bureaucrats and politicians. No right-thinking DEA agent would ever read anything like it, anyway. To do so was damned near un-American. *What kind of man—CIA agent or otherwise—could protect a drug dealer and still call himself an American?* The rumors were obviously part of some Commie disinformation plot.

So in the spring of 1977, I was the quintessential representative of a DEA still in its years of innocence; a fledgling agency not yet adept enough internationally to threaten special interests like the $40 billion debt the cocaine-producing nations owed American bankers; or people with "special" relationships with the CIA, Pentagon, or State Department—people like Manuel Noriega. We just didn't know what the score was. But times were changing, and changing quickly.

THERE WAS A LIGHT KNOCK ON THE MOTEL door. I raised my arms and signaled to the hidden cameras. In another room, video and sound equipment began recording what would be the first case of its kind in DEA history.

A short while later in the smoke-filled motel room, a young, clean-cut guy named George Girard promised me that for $500 to $1,000 a name he could check out anyone in the DEA computer system.

"You could tell me if the guy's an informer?" I asked.

"No sweat," said Girard, who had quit DEA after five years to become a private detective.

I couldn't believe my ears. No DEA agent alive would sell the name of an informer—it was murder. Girard was out of DEA, so there was no way he could make good on the promise. I was sure he was just running a con job on me. He probably figured that stealing money from the Mafia was no crime, so screw it. But still, before I gave him the name that had already been rigged into the DEA computer system as an informant, I had to be sure he knew that—if he did get me the information—he was killing a man, just as surely as if he were pulling a trigger.

"If this guy is a stool pigeon," I said, trying to rivet him with my eyes, "I'm going to kill him."

"I don't want to know that," said Girard quickly. "That's your business."

Days later I met with Girard in the motel and was stunned when he gave me, almost verbatim, the information that had been planted in the DEA computer system. Over the next several weeks I fed the ex-DEA agent requests for information from DEA's files. He was unfailing in his ability to furnish me with everything I requested, including the identities of other informers. To see how far he would go, I offered him cocaine as payment instead of money, and he accepted.

I kept dealing with Girard until we learned that his inside connection was an agent named Paul Lambert, one of the most highly regarded agents in DEA headquarters. The whole agency was shocked when Lambert was arrested at his desk and led out in handcuffs. The administrator of DEA, Peter Bensinger, who had been kept in the dark throughout the investigation, was outraged. Nothing like it had ever happened before. Lambert, besides having a promising DEA career, was known to be independently wealthy. The few hundred dollars a name he could have received for running computer checks would not have meant anything to him. He hired one of the best defense attorneys in the land: Charles Shaffer, who had also defended John Dean of Watergate fame.

After a two-month, well-publicized trial, Girard and Lambert were convicted and sentenced to 10 and 12 years, respectively, in prison. Their lives were destroyed.

During the weeks I spent undercover with Girard, I had tried to get some idea of what motivated him. The clearest answer I got was his description of the drug war: "The whole thing [is] bullshit." I never knew Lambert, although those who did know him said his participation in the scheme made less sense than Girard's. For me the whole episode ended with the unanswered question: *Why?*

Left, top to bottom: DEA agents showing off Levine's Bolivia drug seizure; Levine and DEA agents with the "flash" money they used to fool dealers. DEA agents unloading cocaine from Levine's Bolivian seizure; DEA agent showing off cocaine Levine confiscated as an undercover international customs agent. *Opposite page,* Levine with then-Vice President Bush in 1983.

The Strange Case of Sante Bario

SANTE BARIO, OR SANDY AS THOSE OF US WHO knew him well called him, was arrested by DEA's Internal Security Division after he had allegedly conspired with one of his informants in the smuggling and distribution of 11 pounds of cocaine stolen during a DEA raid in Mexico City.

On December 16, 1978, while sitting in his jail cell, Sandy took a bite of a peanut butter sandwich. He stood up and threw the rest in the toilet. Moments later he was found in convulsions. He slipped into a coma from which he would never recover; he died a month later. Tests revealed strychnine in his blood. The warden told Sandy's wife that he had been poisoned. Subsequent tests, according to DEA, mysteriously failed to reveal any traces of poison. The first tests were ruled "in error." The final autopsy report indicated that Sante Bario had "choked to death" on his peanut butter sandwich. To this day there are many DEA agents who secretly (and not so secretly) believe that Sandy was killed either by DEA's Internal Security, or by the CIA because "he knew too much about secret U.S. government involvement in narcotics trafficking."

But who, in 1979, could believe that?

I was stationed in Argentina when I heard

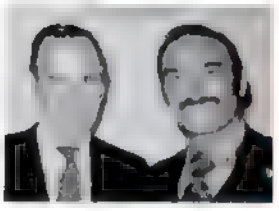
about Sandy's arrest and death. The news was more than a shock to me. I had known him for many years. He laid his life on the line on a daily basis with the kind of courage that comes only from the deepest of conviction. Sandy was a legend among undercover agents. I doubt that his record of arrests and convictions for a deep-cover penetration of the Mafia will ever be equaled.

Sandy and I had known each other for more than ten years. We had met as agents in the IRS Intelligence Division. "This country's biggest enemy is going to be drugs," he told me before transferring to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in 1965. His words, and then later learning of my brother's heroin addiction, were what convinced me to follow his path.

In 1975, Sandy and I were working in the same DEA international enforcement group when he was transferred to Mexico. The Internal Security Division—at the time without much corruption to investigate—tried to hold up Sandy's transfer, investigating him for living with his girlfriend "out of wedlock." I don't think there are any words to convey the pain a man who daily lays his life on the line for his government suffers when that same government turns on him in such a shabby, cheap way.

Sandy fought the investigation boldly and finally won a written apology from one of the suits. He was a man with nothing to fear or hide, a truly heroic figure. There is no way I will ever believe that the Sandy Bario who left for Mexico in 1975 was the same man who smuggled drugs and died in a Texas jail four years later. Something had to have happened that changed him, and it had to be something radical.

Within months of Sandy's death my education into the realities of our so-called war on drugs began, and left me with an understanding of why Sandy and scores of men like him have gone bad and why countless more will follow, unless things are changed quickly and drastically.



It was the beginning of a decade that gave us crack, crack babies, and the worst crime and violence statistics of any nation in history—and it could not have been done without the help of our own government.

The "Coca Revolution" (The Sellout of the Cocaine War)

EARLY IN 1980, FROM MY POST IN BUENOS Aires, I began to put together a deep-cover sting operation against a Bolivian named Roberto Suárez who was putting together a cartel of his country's major coca growers for mutual protection, economy of production, and elimination of the competition. It was the birth of what the DEA later called "the General Motors of cocaine." The deep-cover operation, in spite of many behind-the-scenes sabotage attempts by DEA and other government agencies, was eventually accomplished. Attempts at destroying the investigation were so overt, frequent, and outrageous—at times exposing us to life-threatening situations—that by the end of the operation the rallying cry of the undercover team had become: "Let's make this case *in spite of* DEA."

Our efforts, however, were in vain. After the arrests, seizures, indictments, and the media ballyhoo that gave the suits and politicians credit for "the greatest sting operation in history," those of us who had accomplished the feat watched horrified and helpless as the CIA supported the same people we had arrested and identified as the biggest drug dealers in history in their takeover of the Bolivian government. It was the now infamous July 1980 "cocaine coup," one of the bloodiest revolutions in Bolivian history. Our government's greatest drug war victory had been turned into its greatest defeat—a fact that received no media coverage whatsoever.

I later learned that the Suárez organization had convinced the CIA that the civilian government—some members of which had cooperated with us in the sting operation—were "leftists." Our government then secretly made a decision, presumably on behalf of all of us, which it believed was a choice between Communism and drugs. It helped in the destruction of the only Bolivian government officials having any antidrug sentiments at all. And if any proof of the new military government's real aims were needed, its first act was to destroy all the drug trafficking files in Bolivia's Hall of Justice. Bolivian cocaine trafficking would never again be truly threatened.

From that point on, Bolivia began supplying cocaine base to the then-fledgling Medellin Cartel in Columbia as though it were a legal export. At the same time the demand for cocaine in the United States began to boom. It was the beginning of a decade that gave us crack, crack babies, and the worst crime and violence statistics of any nation in history—and it could not have been done without the help of our own government.

I, along with many of my brother DEA agents, watched the fraud from the sidelines with aching and frightened hearts.

The Roberto Suárez case also came in a decade when the drug economy's value as a political and economic tool rose sharply while, in contrast, the value of the lives of Americans in general and narcotics officers in particular plummeted. Within the U.S., police and narcotic agents fought a bloody urban drug war, while our politicians, CIA, and Pentagon were in bed with the biggest drug dealers alive. Many DEA agents began to realize that they were sacrificial pawns in a fraudulent, no-win war like Vietnam; that their true purpose was to pile up meaningless arrest and drug seizure statistics—and at times, die in the streets—in order to convince voting and tax-paying Americans that there *was* a drug war.

It seemed no small coincidence that during that same time period the incidences of DEA corruption spiraled upward, involving criminal indictments against the least likely people imaginable. People such as my friend DEA agent Darnell Garcia—a legendary martial-arts expert and a profound believer in *bushido* [the way of the warrior]. He was charged with and later convicted of stealing and selling drugs and money laundering. People such as my friend Tom Traynor—a deeply religious father of five and highly decorated DEA agent who was convicted of smuggling large quantities of cocaine from South America—and many more just like them followed.

The increase in drug war corruption was not limited to DEA—it was happening everywhere. Law-enforcement officers, elected officials, and even judges were being indicted for everything from accepting bribes to selling drugs. In one investigation I supervised, I arrested two New York City detectives who had accepted bribes and helped a drug dealer in covering up the murder of his wife. I was astounded to learn that some of the cocaine and money we had seized during the investigation had been stolen by Assistant United States Attorney Daniel Perlmutter, the man prosecuting the case. The prosecutor—married to another prosecutor—had been stealing the drugs and money to support his own cocaine habit and that of his model girlfriend.

To a DEA agent in the 1980s, the whole world had become corrupt. No one could be trusted, not even our own government. And if we needed proof of how little our lives were valued alongside our government's special interests in the drug war, the death of DEA agent Enrique "Kiki" Camarena was all the proof necessary.

The "Sacrifice" of Enrique Camarena

IT WAS ALMOST INEVITABLE THAT THE SACRIFICE OF the life of DEA agent Enrique Camarena would occur in Mexico, one of the countries in this hemisphere most corrupted by the drug economy and most protected by our government's special political and economic interests. It was also a country that would play a heavy role in events that would mold the rest of my life; events during which I often thought of Sandy Bario and wondered what secrets he might have revealed about the hypocrisy and corruption of our drug war had he lived.

In February, 1989, some six years after Sandy's death, Kiki Camarena and his brother DEA agents assigned to Guadalajara, Mexico, wrote cables to DEA headquarters in Washington and

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COMBAT

Mexico City complaining of the anarchic conditions in Mexico. They pleaded for additional agents, more DEA, State Department, and Justice Department support, or—at the very least—diplomatic status for agents assigned there, so that they might arm and protect themselves.

They were ignored.

Economic and political considerations were deemed more important than our drug problem. No one wanted to "upset" Mexican officialdom by bringing up drugs or corruption. And the DEA politicians—willing pawns of the special-interest groups—were more interested in maintaining the illusion of a "special" and "cordial" relationship between the U.S. and Mexican governments than in the complaints of a couple of street agents. Camarena finally prophesized his own death when he said, "Does someone have to die before something is done?"

Camarena, working around and in spite of obstacles placed in his path by DEA suits, the State Department, and other special-interest groups, made the biggest Mexican marijuana bust in history. On February 7, 1985, Camarena, married and the father of three young boys, was kidnapped in broad daylight in front of the American consul in Guadalajara by Mexican policemen working for drug traffickers. He was tortured to death over a 24-hour period, while his murderers tape-recorded his cries.

Mexican government officials were so disdainful of our hypocritical drug war that they aided his killers in escaping from right under the noses of frustrated and powerless DEA agents. It was a month before Camarena's body was found and years before any of those responsible for his death were brought to justice. The whole affair would have been swept under a rug were it not for the rage of Kiki's brother street agents and their insistence in keeping the investigation alive.

The suits were in a rush to "normalize" U.S. relations with Mexico. There were items far more important than Kiki's murder—items like the Mexican debt, and trade and oil agreements, not to mention secret Mexican support of the *contras* and other CIA programs. Instead of pressuring Mexico economically to aid in identifying the killers, our Treasury Department was negotiating a new bail-out package of loans and the State Department was planning to increase Mexico's share of the narcotics aid budget. And among the supporters of this move was DEA administrator John Lawn.

IN THE YEARS FOLLOWING KIKI'S death, drug war corruption increased to levels unprecedented in our nation's history. During the same period of time, evidence was revealed 34 times during the Iran-*contra* hearings that secret elements of our government were using the profits of drug sales to fund the Nicaraguan *contra* movement and circumvent official U.S. policy; evidence that might have convicted high-level U.S. officials of drug trafficking was withheld from Senate investigators for "national security" reasons.

It was a time when "heroes" such as Colonel Oliver North and other U.S. officials were banned from Costa Rica for "drug- and gun-running activities" by that country's Nobel Prize-winning President, Oscar Arias (as reported by the Associated Press). It was a time when the DEA agent assigned to Honduras documented 50 tons of cocaine entering the U.S. at the hands of U.S.-supported *contras* and the Honduran military (half the estimated U.S. cocaine consumption) and was then immediately transferred out of Honduras to get him out of the hair of the Pentagon and CIA. It was a time when DEA agents such as Everett Hatcher and local cops like New York City patrolman Chris Hoban would be gunned down trying to take grams and ounces of drugs off our streets, while our own government aided and abetted in the trafficking of tons.

It was a time when our President would tell us that "everyone who looks the other way" condoning drug trafficking was "just as guilty" as the drug traffickers. He would then order our troops to invade Panama, at a cost of hundreds of innocent lives, to arrest a drug dealer whose activities our government had condoned for almost two decades. It was a time when I would witness the intentional destruction of one of the biggest and most far-reaching drug cases in the history of the drug war (Operation Trifecta, the subject of *Deep Cover*) because it threatened other U.S. interests deemed more important.

It was a time when we DEA agents would realize that, as the cartoon character Pogo said, after tracking full-circle, "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

Some of the names in this article have been changed.

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AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

Burroughs-Wellcome filed complaints against a British television team for reporting that AZT does not extend life, but later backed down when the company's own researchers couldn't prove that it does. CELIA FARBER takes a look at how a big drug company intimidates the science press.

AS THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION'S darling drug, AZT, slides from grace—proving to cause serious long-term toxicities and to have only a very brief beneficial effect on AIDS patients—the company that owns it is keeping a sharp eye on media coverage. Burroughs-Wellcome, one of the world's largest pharmaceutical companies, has an impressive public relations department that acts to bolster and preserve the drug's image, much as if it were a soft drink or a pair of sneakers. A staple of the annual International AIDS Conference for instance, is Burroughs-Wellcome's slick, MTV-like AZT video, complete with beautiful-looking capsules tumbling to the beat of a hypnotic disco song.

Conveniently omitted from the video's smooth, pseudocompassionate narrative is the fact that AZT, a known carcinogen, is possibly the most toxic drug ever given to humans. A study last year showed that there has been a 50 percent increase in certain lymphomas in patients using AZT, and, as is well-known, that the drug causes severe anemia and bone-marrow toxicity in at least half the patients who take it.

Despite all this, the drug has received overwhelmingly positive press since its release in 1987. This is largely due to the fact that Burroughs-Wellcome has inundated the seemingly zombified science media with press releases extolling the benefits of AZT, and these claims—however contradictory and unsubstantiated—have nevertheless found their way to the front pages of the nation's major newspapers. Few journalists bothered to scrutinize the claims made for AZT, and those who have have typically caught the wrath of various AIDS organizations claiming that defamatory statements about AZT were murderously irresponsible, as they scared people away from what came to be known as "the only drug that could prolong their lives."

On several occasions, Burroughs-Wellcome itself has dispatched its spokespersons to berate media outlets that have allowed criticism of AZT. Shortly after SPIN published an AZT exposé ["Sins of Omission," November '89], Montreal *Gazette* reporter Nicholas Regush wrote a column supportive of the article. Burroughs-Wellcome representatives visited the paper, called in the top editors and the writer, and demanded that a retraction be printed. In the two-hour shouting match that took place, the writer answered Wellcome's criticism that his piece was "biased" by pointing out that out of some 100 articles the *Gazette* had printed referring to AZT, 96 of these had in fact been uncritical. "I'll write a retraction," he told them, "when you come up with data that proves your drug is worth a damn."

In England last year, an episode of the TV program *Dispatches* aired on BBC's Channel Four that sent Wellcome into a real tailspin. Titled "The AIDS Catch," it was produced by an award-winning British investigative reporting team called Meditel and aired on June 13, prime time. The program was controversial on many counts, mainly because it suggested that HIV is not the cause of AIDS and that AIDS may not even be infectious. As for AZT, "The AIDS Catch" reported, among other things, that "so far no one has lived longer than three years" on AZT. Wellcome filed a complaint with the Broadcasting Complaints Commission and the case was brought up at a closed hearing on March 14.

Two AIDS organizations filed complaints on the grounds that the program was irresponsible and would endanger lives, and the final adjudication was pending at press time. Until that adjudication is complete, none of the British parties involved are allowed to comment. But an American journalist, John Lauritsen, who has written a book (*Poison by Prescription: The AZT Story*) and several articles on AZT, was present at the March 14 hearing that focused exclusively on the AZT aspect. He told SPIN that Burroughs-Wellcome's complaint was based on the argument that the program had been "unfair" to AZT. They objected to the statement that no one had lived longer than three years on AZT and said that in their opinion, AZT is not a very toxic drug. Says Lauritsen: "Meditel gave the reasons why they stood behind the statements they had made and then they posed a series of questions to Wellcome, all of which were relevant and reasonable."

Among the questions Meditel posed: How long, according to your statistics, has anybody survived on AZT? Of people who had been on continuous AZT therapy for two years, what percentage are still alive? As for the studies, Meditel wondered, precisely which studies have proved benefits for AZT, and were these studies controlled or not? And what about the researchers—were they independent, meaning not paid directly or indirectly by Burroughs-Wellcome?

The questions were put to the pharmaceutical company not just by Meditel but by the Broadcasting Complaints Commission itself.

Remarkably, "Wellcome refused to answer any of those questions," says Lauritsen. "This put them in a very awkward situation. Either they didn't know the answers or they refused to give them. They really shot themselves in the foot."

"The BCC committee became very cross with them. The chairperson said, 'Do you really mean to say that you do not have the answers to these questions, even now?' "

That was exactly what they meant to say. According to Lauritsen, the two people from Wellcome, their top legal adviser and their director of medical science, "contemptuously dismissed the idea that it was possible to keep track of survival information."

Results of a recent study conducted by the Veterans Administration clearly contradicted earlier studies by the National Institutes of Health and Burroughs-Wellcome, which claimed that AZT was beneficial in forestalling AIDS in patients with HIV but no symptoms. The VA study said that AZT "resulted in transitory benefits in whites and neutral or harmful effects in black and Hispanic patients," and concluded that "people who took the drug before they had symptoms lived no longer than those who took it after they had symptoms." The study also showed that black and Hispanic patients had a significantly higher death rate than white patients, for reasons not yet understood.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Burroughs-Wellcome representatives were asked if they wanted to pursue their complaint further. They said they did not.

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OPINION

Bob Marley, reggae's soul rebel, worst of shantytown wanted him political subterfuge, and ghetto

TIMOTHY WHITE reports on Bob

MODERN JAMAICA HAS A LEADERSHIP PROBLEM: THERE IS none.

The outside world became riveted by the Caribbean nation's political and cultural upheavals during the 1970s, a decade also marked by a rise in the international popularity of reggae music and its Rastafarian firebrand, Robert Nesta Marley. Fans eager to decipher Marley's dense patois and fierce narratives on songs such as "Slave Driver" and "Rastaman Chant" would soon discover a whole West Indies cosmos of complexities within the music's lyrics.

From "Slave Driver" they learned the story of Jamaica's past as a depot for the African diaspora, the island's Akan chattel rising from their ancestral graves to tell oppressors that they were destined to "catch a fire," i.e., catch hell. "Rastaman Chant" detailed the widespread belief among blacks that all the wicked rulers of "Babylon" would one day be defeated.

Unforgettable live versions of each of these songs by Bob Marley and the Wailers can be found on *Talkin' Blues*, a compilation of unreleased early-'70s performances and stunning studio outtakes recently issued to kick off a yearlong celebration commemorating the tenth anniversary of Marley's death. The passion and purity of purpose within these Marley tracks remind the listener that no Caribbean voice has since spoken with such bravery, clarity, or consequence.

SINCE THE 1930S, THE GOVERNMENT OF JAMAICA HAS BEEN dominated by political cults of personality, and it has spent the last 20 years in a cynical tug-of-war between two party officials—each of whom has served terms as Prime Minister—descended from the country's old-guard elite.

On one side stands Edward Seaga, a white Lebanese-Jamaican, born in Boston and educated at Harvard, whose forbears are Jamaica's export-import trade bourgeoisie. The autocratic Seaga heads the right-wing, half-century-old Jamaican Labor Party (JLP), a pro–big business, pro-gentry party, indifferent, ironically, to trade unions.

On the other side is Michael Manley of the left-wing People's National Party (PNP). Founded by Manley's father in 1938 as the voice of the Kingston-based middle class, the PNP soon expanded to champion the strivings of the nationalistic brown and black working class. In 1969, Manley succeeded his father as the second PNP president.

In 1972, the year Bob Marley and the Wailers recorded *Catch a Fire* for Island Records, Michael Manley was elected Prime Minister with the slogan "Better Must Come," filched from Delroy Wilson's reggae hit of the same name. A self-styled democratic socialist, Manley inherited his political affiliation and his aristocratic bearing from father Norman Manley, an Oxford-educated lawyer of moneyed Jamaican trader stock. Although Michael had grown up amid butlers, chauffeurs, and governesses on a rambling estate called Drumblair—and had privately belittled reggae as repetitive and monotonous—he was also cunning in mobilizing ghetto culture for his own ends.

Manley's 1971-72 campaign for Prime Minister ran parallel with the public courtship of his fourth wife, Beverly Ander-

strived to share the best of shantytown with the world, but the silenced. It became an epic tug-of-war steeped in gang violence, skullduggery. But ten years later, guess who's emerged the victor. Marley, his legacy, and the hell he left behind. **Art by Stephen Sprouse**

son, a glamorous native TV and radio personality, greatly popular because she was one of the few DJs who favored Jamaican music over foreign pop, featuring even the incendiary reggae of Bob Marley and the Wailers at a point when it was seldom played on the island's conservative airwaves.

Manley pressed Bob Marley to convince the other Wailers to aid his election campaign. And Bob did; the band headlined a 1971 PNP Carnival of Stars revue that toured the island. The Wailers' involvement was a reflection both of Marley's great idealism and his grudging pragmatism.

Manley had openly pledged his solidarity with Marley's own constituency, the then-disenfranchised Rasta community, who had heretofore been denounced by virtually every politician in Jamaica's annals.

Bob Marley would later tell friends he deeply regretted being drawn/coerced into the political circus, particularly because Manley showed him no gratitude when he became Prime Minister, choosing instead to view the Wailers' participation as an opportunity for their own national exposure which Manley had generously bestowed. As Marley raged in "Revolution" on 1974's *Natty Dread* album: "Never make a politician grant you a favor / They will always want to control you forever." Yet it was hardly the first time a Jamaican politician had ruthlessly exploited the cultural pieties of shantytown. Indeed, Edward Seaga started out as a record-making anthropologist, his attraction to the music business occurring while conducting a scholarly study of African-rooted religion in Jamaica. Seaga went on to supervise a 1955 album of cult music for the New York-based Ethnic Folkways label and conducted ska recording sessions.

When Seaga decided in 1959 to devote less time to the record business and more time to politics, he unloaded his prosperous music interests. However, Seaga chose to build his constituency in West Kingston—hotbed of the local recording scene, but no man's land on the Jamaican political landscape since the 1920s—and openly made shrewd use of two potent political tools that had hitherto been confined to the murkier undercurrents of Kingston life: the gun and voodoo.

Seaga rallies were designed to echo the style and symbols of *kumina* rites, and gangs of "enforcers" were organized to carry out violence against all opposition, with the strong implication that these gunmen had the added muscle of witchcraft on their side. Seaga later expanded his urban clout when he escorted a ghetto delegation of ska musicians to the 1964 World's Fair in New York City's Flushing Meadow Park as a promotion for tourism—but he excluded Jamaica's pioneering ska band, the Skatalites, because many were Rastas and smoked ganja. Seaga's ruling-class animosity towards the pariah Rasta sect was further accentuated when, a few months after an April 1966 visit by Emperor Haile Selassie to Jamaica, Seaga delivered on a campaign vow, transforming the heavily Rasta Back o' Wall, Ackee Walk, and Foreshore Road shanty settlements into a tidy "government yard" housing scheme called Tivoli Gardens.

In the process of this JLP slum clearance, five polling divisions of former PNP peasants were wiped out. And the hovels, headquarters, and tabernacles of various Rasta denomina-

tions were also bulldozed, scattering dreadlocked disciples who'd expected some sort of official recognition from the JLP regime in light of the respect Selassie had shown them during his state visit. But Seaga knew Rastas scorned party politics, and he wanted fresh, subservient JLP voters installed as soon as possible, so the dreads and their destitute PNP-leaning neighbors were rendered homeless.

The Manley-Seaga rivalry would masquerade on the world political stage as an ideological tilt, but it was more accurately a private contest to see who could sell out his own country the fastest. The two men earned reputations as the most disreputable statesmen in the Caribbean Basin.

Yet there is a creed in rural Jamaica, dating back to slavery days, that all corrupt masters will perish by their own hand. Historically this conviction was manifested in the so-called Cromanty Curse, named for a fierce Akan tribe never tamed by Jamaica's colonial overlords. This superstitious doctrine persists to the present day. And if every foul deed is truly repaid in kind, then the ultimate fates of Michael Manley and Edward Seaga will prove no less ghastly than their political legacies.

Tragically, the legislative measures instituted by these two chiefs of state (increased industrialization, trade pacts, periodic fiscal prudence in Seaga's case; literacy and nutrition programs, educational reforms, taxes on wealth, women's-rights laws for equal pay and paid maternity, from Manley's camp), weren't half as effective as the murderous tribalist political gangs each man created to advance their most selfish private causes.

Both Manley and Seaga devised a neat plantation-like system of political enforcement through their armed goon squads. And as the Rasta's devout attitudes towards illegal ganja captured the imaginations of youth in the West Indies, America, and the United Kingdom, marijuana's status as Jamaica's leading cash crop skyrocketed, with both parties demanding a piece of the action through gang "protection" of cultivated fields and remote smuggling points. In this way, political gang activity spread to the countryside, with the PNP specializing in rural strong-arm tactics, while the JLP cashed in on covert maritime shipping of ganja since its gangs had long controlled the Kingston waterfront.

The U.S. government was not pleased with Manley, who had established cordial ties with the Marxist regimes of Cuba and Guyana, and U.S. corporations and banks were not pleased with Manley, who sought to nationalize or at least curtail the cheap-labor aspects of their various interests in the region. And Seaga was not pleased with the growing popular entrenchment of Manley's PNP among the working class, which was putting a damper on his own ambitions. Meanwhile, the shallow nature of both the PNP and the JLP's "big man"–style leadership was becoming more obvious to Jamaica's general populace.

Since both the PNP and the JLP were completely dependent on the whims of two individuals, neither side could build an efficient government bureaucracy. The combination of amateurism, egotism, wanton criminality, and disruption of corporate profit-taking ultimately yielded chaos.

And the man in the middle of this heinous muddle was Jamaica's only true leader: Bob Marley.

Throughout Bob Marley's life, he rarely heard his own music on his native radio airwaves. Now, the Jamaican Tourist Board is using a non-Marley rendition of Bob's "One Love" anthem as its new theme song.

BY THE MID-1970S, MARLEY HAD BECOME ONE OF the best-known figures in the third world, if not the whole world. He was quoted as a poet, heralded as the West Indian Bob Dylan, even the Jamaican Jomo Kenyatta. Yet to the dismay of middle-class Jamaicans he was not a politician, not a statesman, not a business executive, not a scholar. He was a *sufferah*. A guitar-strummin' former street urchin, the product of the assignations between a white Jamaican land overseer and a black peasant girl.

And this Rasta's brethren, who refused to lift a civic finger for their country instead of denouncing it as "Babylon"; who declined to hold a proper job or use birth control or cut their hair or honor any supposedly civilized institution within its borders; who wanted little more than a zinc sheet over their heads, a keen-edged cutlass, a fishing dugout that didn't leak, and a full pipe of "collie weed"—*they* had been rewarded with international recognition, as artists and philosophers! And their own Bob Marley was being called a "black prince"!

If the stiff-collared church leaders had ever longed to damn every rope-tressed pagan mendicant to hell on earth; if the politicians had ever begged for permission to flatten every ghetto shanty, inhabitants included; if the corrupt police, who detested the poor (the Rasta poor, above all others), had ever schemed to send a Mark 7 bullet through the skull of every God-cursed man, woman and child who clung to the Rasta's nonparticipatory creed—these upholders of Jamaican "dignity" most certainly joined together now with one shrieking accord.

But the Rastas had been pulled into the political arena and had become a potent force thanks to Michael Manley, who had used Bob Marley in his 1971-72 campaign, and now was calling on reggae's ambassador for the downtrodden to lend street credibility to his drive reelection in 1976.

IT WAS SEPTEMBER OF 1975 WHEN THIS WRITER met Bob Marley for the first time. Marley was preparing to record a song in defiance of the purported murder, while under military house arrest, of deposed Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie. The name of the commemorative song, which Bob was due to cut in Harry J's studio on Roosevelt Avenue in Kingston was "Jah Live." It's message: You can't kill faith.

On the afternoon of our initial encounter, Bob was stretched out barefoot under a poinciana tree on the grounds of his home at 56 Hope Road, less than a mile from the official residences of the Prime Minister and the Governor General. Laid across his lap as I arrived was a scuffed acoustic guitar, upon which he played the chord progression of "Jah Live," "Crazy Baldhead" and other songs-in-progress, some for his *Rastaman Vibration* album.

"Them on the news say that our God is dead," he explained, impulsively hugging one of his small children as they ambled by. "But, you know, is them don't understand. We're gonna chase those crazy baldheads out of town! Like for instance, we build the cabin, we plant the corn, our people slave for this country. Now today, they look upon me with a scorn.

"You have guys that look for Rastaman and say, 'You know Rasta, deh no good.' Yet, them eat up all our corn! It's our blood and sweat they walk on every day. Our blood and sweat! So we gotta chase those crazy baldheads outta town, man. Ain't nuttin' else we could do. We can't stand and watch them bury us. Enough of that *shit!*"

These observations on poor Rastas as victims of political knavery came early in a daylong, wide-ranging talk about the raw material for Marley's music. While such words might seem starkly angry on the printed page, they were actually delivered with a warm array of grins, joshing nudges, and exasperated laughter.

Interspersed with Marley's social declamations were tender asides about the joys of fatherhood. ("Children is wonderful. It don't take plenty, you know? Just a nice girl who don't use birth control. Sexual intercourse is a lovely t'ing.") And witty critiques of tourists in Jamaica. ("In America, t'ings a *snap!* You hear a young girl say, 'God damn it! One telephone run Jamaica! I live in a house with twenty telephones, and one telephone run Jamaica!'")

Bright and boyish, Bob Marley may have enjoyed a reputation as the Tuff Gong, a street fighter, but he much preferred a match of soccer to fisticuffs. Thus, his popular nickname among intimates was the playful "Skipper," or simply Skip. Modest in stature, Marley was often taunted as a youth, and his reputation became that of a

continued on page 82

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EDITED BY JIM GREER

Platter du Jour

URGE OVERKILL

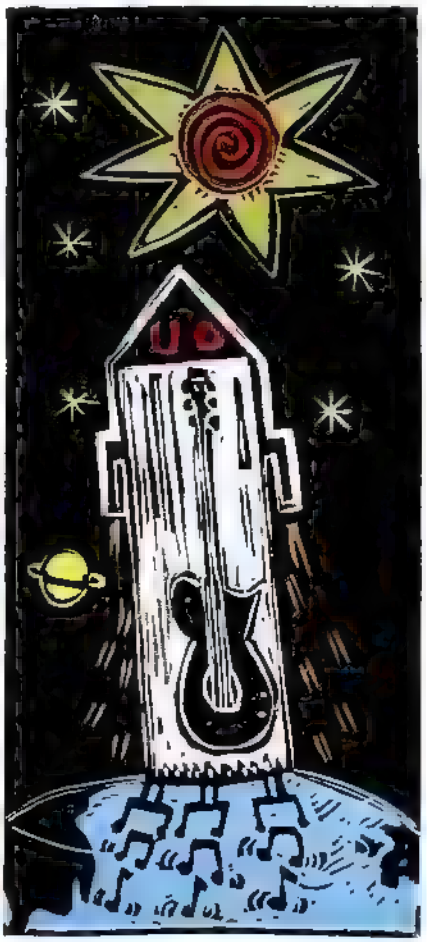
The Supersonic Storybook

Touch and Go

The guys in Urge Overkill are not he-men. They may come off as ruggedly handsome, but they never read Norman Mailer or Jack London. Their music certainly contains some rare-steak-and-bourbon sensibilities, but what the band is really about is encapsulated in its reworking of Hot Chocolate's "Emma" ("Emmaline") from its new album, *The Supersonic Storybook*. It's like this: You are young and in love, and the band is playing, and you don't want to go home just yet. Later, you're in your room still catching the scent of her Woolworth's perfume on your shirt. Your entire system is throwing a violent fit in reaction to this enigma called womanhood, this tantalizing wonder—your first love. You glance over at the handsome four-color poster of King Roeser (vocals, bass), Blackie Onassis (drums), and National Kato (guitar) hanging over your bed, and they know, and you know, and you know that they know.

The guys in Urge Overkill are true rock stars, and true rock stars are not larger than life. True rock stars have been in love once for every broken guitar string, and you just *know* that if they ever met you, they'd hang out, teach you a couple of chords, and give you a set of Urge Overkill cuff links.

When these guys finally go arena rock (real soon now), they'll be ready. The songs on *Storybook* are already there. They have the opener, the get-on-yer-feet cranker "Bionic Revolution"; they have "Emmaline" for when the mood needs to mellow, so the kids can make out and possibly get inside each other's sweaters and jeans. The last song before the encore would probably be "Faroutski" from last year's also-brilliant *Americruiser* album, and as an encore the boys can do their ace cover of "Wichita Lineman" so everybody can yelp along and walk home with big smiles on their faces.



Storybook is Urge Overkill's third full-length LP. It's a joyful celebration of being young in the United States of America. Urge Overkill's lust for life is comparable to 1965-era Who, and the band sounds like the MC5 with Neil Diamond as front man.

I played *Supersonic Storybook* over and over till my prerelease cassette completely fried. Dance music with a rock'n'roll foundation has recently been the much-touted exclusive provenance of all those Manchester-based bands whose names for some reason escape me, but Urge Overkill know the *right* way to do it. Loud, hard rock with a hypermelodic edge was supposed to be Dinosaur Jr.'s territory, but its best stuff doesn't even compare to a third-rate Urge song (as if there were such a thing). Most recent major-label discs praised to heaven and back can't hold a Roman candle to *Storybook*: The virtues extolled on those discs (R.E.M.'s latest, Stone Roses' major-label debut, even Neil Young's *Ragged Glory*)—songwriting, infectious rhythms, amazing guitar playing—are present in spades on the Urge boys' latest outing.

The best album of 1991 has arrived. It's unlikely that anything will come along this year to surpass it. *Storybook*'s opening song is called "The Kids Are Insane." Which they are—but they're also alright.

Johan Kugelberg

The Handy Omniscient SPIN Rating System

G = Go directly to your local record store. Buy this album. Immediately. Kill if you must.

V = Whoa! Slow down, pal. This album is pretty good, but you can't buy everything in the store. Can you?

R = Stop it. Put that down. Go buy something to eat instead. You have to eat, too, you know.

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GANG OF FOUR

Mall

Polydor/PCG

The jury's still out on whether Gang of Four's techno-friendly mid-'80s efforts evolved or devolved from the Marxist thrash funk that made these Leeds lads famous. Judging from *Mall*, a new album featuring singer Jon King and guitarist Andy Gill, the Gang has yet to cast its own vote.

Encouragingly, "Cadillac," the album's opener, squeals with an ascetic ardor reminiscent of 1980's *Entertainment!* Forever punk's theoreticians, the Fey Four still find humor in modern life's malapropisms. Consider "Use the Colour From the Tube," a call-and-response punfest that reasons "Now that everything is real / I believe I really feel." But then "Money Talks" tosses yet another log in the disco-irony inferno started by "I Love a Man in a Uniform."

Post-perestroika, the band's moral measuring does seem a trifle quaint, but lines such as "Don't want to win / I'm not aiming to lose / All I need is a thought that I can use," from "Motel," tip back the balance: Politically correct pop product doesn't come any more profligate than this.

Alec Foege

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Deadicated

Arista

Face it, the quality of the Grateful Dead's oeuvre is perhaps a couple grades shy of the California Gold smoked at an average concert; once the band and your mind have headed home, you're probably better off with something a bit snappier. Not coincidentally, playing faster is the key to the best tracks on *Deadicated*, the new Dead tribute album.

Since benign self-indulgence is the main message behind the Dead's version of the '60s myth, and nostalgia the band's present driving force (I picture John Goodman playing Jerry Garcia in the inevitable movie version), a loving tribute might have cleverly avoided both. So while Burning Spear's "Estimated Prophet" makes an valid argument for the song's versatility (or is it verisimilitude?), it's worth mentioning that reggae versions of Dead songs are simply a matter of upending the beat. It would have taken, say, Digital Underground doing "Franklin's Tower" to beget a modern-day equivalent for the spongy-headed epiphany.

Yes, Dwight Yoakam kicks some cow-punk into the radio-weary "Truckin'." Yes, Warren Zevon successfully accelerates "Casey Jones" to cruising speed. And sure enough Dr. John's barrelhouse rendition of "Deal" catches lyricist Robert Hunter playing hokey. Beware, though: Bruce Hornsby and the Range's "Jack

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*

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ASPIRIN
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BIBLE
KRAZY KONDOM
CONDOM
DOG
EMPTY BAG FOR CLOTHES THAT STINK

Straw" is a digital-age heir to the Dead at their opiated blandest. Likewise for Indigo Girls' humorless "Uncle John's Band." Then when Midnight Oil takes a radical turn on "Wharf Rat," it misses the pier. In the end, only Jane's Addiction's murky "Ripple" makes an open-and-shut case for razing the Dead. Alas, revelation can be more perilous than revolution.

Alec Foege

THE LOST
The Lost
Epic Associated

I'm not a big no-frills, bluesy rock'n' roll fan. But you damn well have to be if you want to get through the Lost's self-titled debut LP. It's 12 songs of hard-edged rock that spark with talent, raw energy and tight cohesion.

"I spent years in my room," Lucas Janklow, the Lost's founder, songwriter, and lead guitarist, said in a recent press release, "learning how to play every guitar riff from practically every record ever made."

Which is exactly what this album sounds like. But while some songs like "Bijou Dreams," "All Fall Down," and a CD-only acoustic cover of "Are You Experienced?" tingle your spine with artful experimentation, others seem to suffer from the everyday conventions of rock'n'roll.

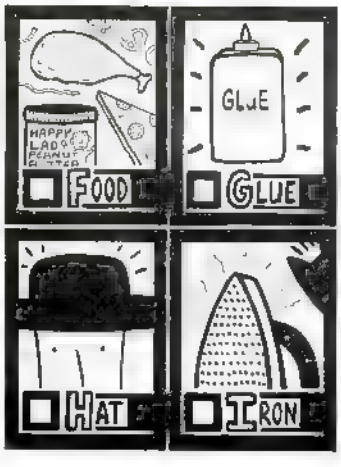
If Janklow takes his band's proven ability and talent and gives it a shot of originality and confidence, then the Lost will find a much more receptive and appreciative audience, which it most certainly deserves.

Daniel Fidler

JOE JACKSON
Laughter & Lust
Virgin

The time may be ripe for a Joe Jackson comeback. Last year, Anthrax's cover of "Got the Time" reclaimed new wave's whiny young man for the speed-metal tradition, while *Red Hot and Blue* made Cole Porter influences cool for the first time since "Night and Day."

It sure sounds like Joe could use the break. He's always been a pain, but on the spotty *Laughter & Lust* Jackson reaches Morrisseyan heights of self pity, with little sign of redeeming self-deprecation. And while most



THE LEAVING TRAINS
SLEEPING UNDERWATER SURVIVORS

THE LEAVING TRAINS throw down such a "fuck you" sound on their new LP, you'll be sore with perverse pleasure. Head Train, Falling James, continues to wage a war upon what most people swallow whole on a daily basis, so wake up and suck up SLEEPING UNDERWATER SURVIVORS, produced by Earle Mankey. (SST 271 LP/CA/CD).

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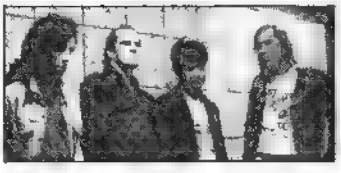

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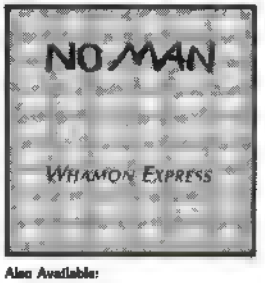

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of his trauma is allegedly romantic, career woes sound like the real cause of Joe's heartaches—he spends two separate songs kvetching about the shallowness of pop music, and a third on the novel observation that people in hip downtown clubs are snotty. Actually, one of those cuts is kinda catchy. Wonder if his vision of humanity will improve if we buy the album.

Ted Friedman

SHONEN KNIFE

Pretty Little Baka Guy & Live in Japan

Rockville

What really puts the pop-rockettes in Japan's legendary Shonen Knife light-years ahead of such inconsequential Western frauds as "Lush" (how Shonen Knife would pronounce *Rush*) and Teenage Fanny Plug (undieland's answer to Crowded House), or whoever, is the eyes-awake attitude Knife has towards rhythms and voices. These gals realize such things *exist*. So they don't stay fenced in by their ancestors' mistakes, and though they play rock-band instruments, they think disco. Where even temporarily defensible twerps like the Pooh Sticks settle for tiptoeing through your briar patch, Shonen Knife wants to *fill up your world*. The band's singing ain't no jokey, Joe. And lately they've been listening to hip hop and go-go, so I fully expect their next album to give L'Trimm a run fo' the rap-queen crown.

Meanwhile, *Pretty Little Baka Guy & Live in Japan* joins a classic 1986 maxi-EP all sensible people should've worn out their vinyl copies of by now with some concert cuts from 1982 and 1990, and what's interesting is that the '82 tracks don't even sound especially joyous yet; "I'm a Realist," especially, is a real teeth-gritter, the sound of frightened women escaping out cultural back windows to whack guitars they've yet to master even though they know it's wrong, because for some reason they *have to*. It's as existentially obsessed as X-Ray Spex's "Oh Bondage, Up Yours!" (or "Ice Ice Baby"), only *scarier*. Years later, in "Lazybone" (the best antiwork anthem in the history of Eastern civilization or damn close, with a tune my better half says comes from "Get Back" but I'm too young to know), Shonen Knife warbles about not needing to be nervous or serious and wanting to sleep all day instead of going to a boring job (a pet theme of the band's—see also "Summertime Boogie"; "A Day of the Factory") and makes it sound like a revolutionary discovery. Which, especially in the Land of Loyalty to the Organization Above All, it is.

Chuck Eddy

PERE UBU

Worlds in Collision

Fontana/Mercury

The third album of Pere Ubu's renewed career confirms the band's attempt to subvert the pop world. A three-chord acoustic guitar mellifluously opens *Worlds in Collision*, but "Oh Catherine" hints at peculiarities, characteristics which surface more in the second song and become beautiful all-out oddities by the third. Ha, mainstreamers, you've been suckered into something new.

NICK VACCARO

"Cry Cry Cry" has little to do with the younger, more industrial-based Pere Ubu, but I think a tape measure between that band and punk rock would read the same distance as between this band (mostly the same members) and doo-wop, the source of "Cry. . . ." The reunified band's compromise may have made it less radical, but it's not a change to begrudge the band. Pere Ubu can now bring new fans to its earlier work while livening up the mainstream airwaves. The title track features some classic Allen Ravenstine synth-coloring, blending with the band's smoother sound. Thomas' high-pitched voice and slapstick phrasing are in perfect form on "Life of Riley." Pere Ubu makes pop music exciting.

Robert Gordon

FIREHOSE

Flyin' the Flannel

Columbia

Firehose's main appeal lies in the puppy-dog charm of guitarist Ed Crawford. After D. Boon's death

Sub Pop Singles Club

BY BOB MACK

IF ONLY THERE HAD BEEN A SUB POP Singles Club when I was growing up, then maybe I'd be cool and not the type of geek who actually thought about going to that recent nine-man Yes reunion tour. Of course I was particularly susceptible to the club's pitch ("Hey loser. Wanna find some action? Tired of being left out?"), but then again, I'm probably not that much different from a lot of the tragically hip people who never liked Yes.

Started in 1988, and now 3,500 members strong, the Singles Club can help keep you hip, Daddy-o, for $35 per annum. Each month you get a different single by a relatively unknown band. For example, last December you would have received the uproarious "Psychobilly Freakout" by Dallas, Texas's own Reverend Horton Heat. In addition, the club has offered singles by more popular acts like Fugazi, Sonic Youth, and the Rollins Band (who did a "klassic kover" of Cheech & Chong's "Earache My Eye" last July). Either way, not all bands in the Club are signed to the Seattle-based Sub Pop. In fact, as the label's copresident, Bruce Pavitt, explains, the whole point is to "test-market regional acts and network with other regions around the country."

The 35 bucks (or $20 for the half year) that you send Pavitt up front for a monthly single provides him with a tidy cash flow that other record companies don't enjoy. And lest this sound like a paid endorsement for the club—which it is, since I got all these rare singles for free—it should be pointed out that some of these bands (like New Middletown, Ohio's Sister Ray) are a bit on the early '80s, nuevo-wavo tip. Some critics also wonder if bands such as Nirvana, which just left Sub Pop for a lucrative deal with DGC, are overrated (a claim that's not exactly dispelled by their January 1991 effort for the Singles Club, "Molly's Lips"). And the New Jersey fanzine *Flesh and Bones* goes so far as to claim that Bruce Pavitt is a Nazi skinhead and Sub Pop is just a front for a KKK-funded terrorist group (to which Pavitt responds, "That's bullshit. We have, however, occasionally laundered funds for an opium-processing plant in Olympia").

That said, the Singles Club is still worth it, if only because the marbleized color vinyl and always-bitchin' cover art are sure to satisfy your monthly fix for conspicuous consumerism. The bad news is that even if you join, there's no way to get singles from the back catalog. The September 1990 Soundgarden single, "A Room a Thousand Years Wide," with its wonderful, almost Roxy Music–sounding sax, is available for $25 at my local record store, but that's getting out of hand. Better to just act now for the June/July 1991 entry, featuring These Immortal Souls, gumball, Sonic Youth, and Laughing Hyenas all doing Alice Cooper covers. So what's it gonna be, $22.50 for that Yes ticket or an extra $12.50 for Alice Cooper homages and a monthly shot of new blood? *Sub Pop Singles Club, P.O. Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102.*

THE A LIST

Laughing Hyenas, "Public Animal #9" (Sub Pop)
Temple of the Dog, "Reach Down" (A&M)
Helios Creed, "The Warming" (Amphetamine Reptile)

sooner or later you'll come around

Produced by Glenn Mercer and Bill Million with Gary Smith

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"sooner or later,"
"doin' it again"
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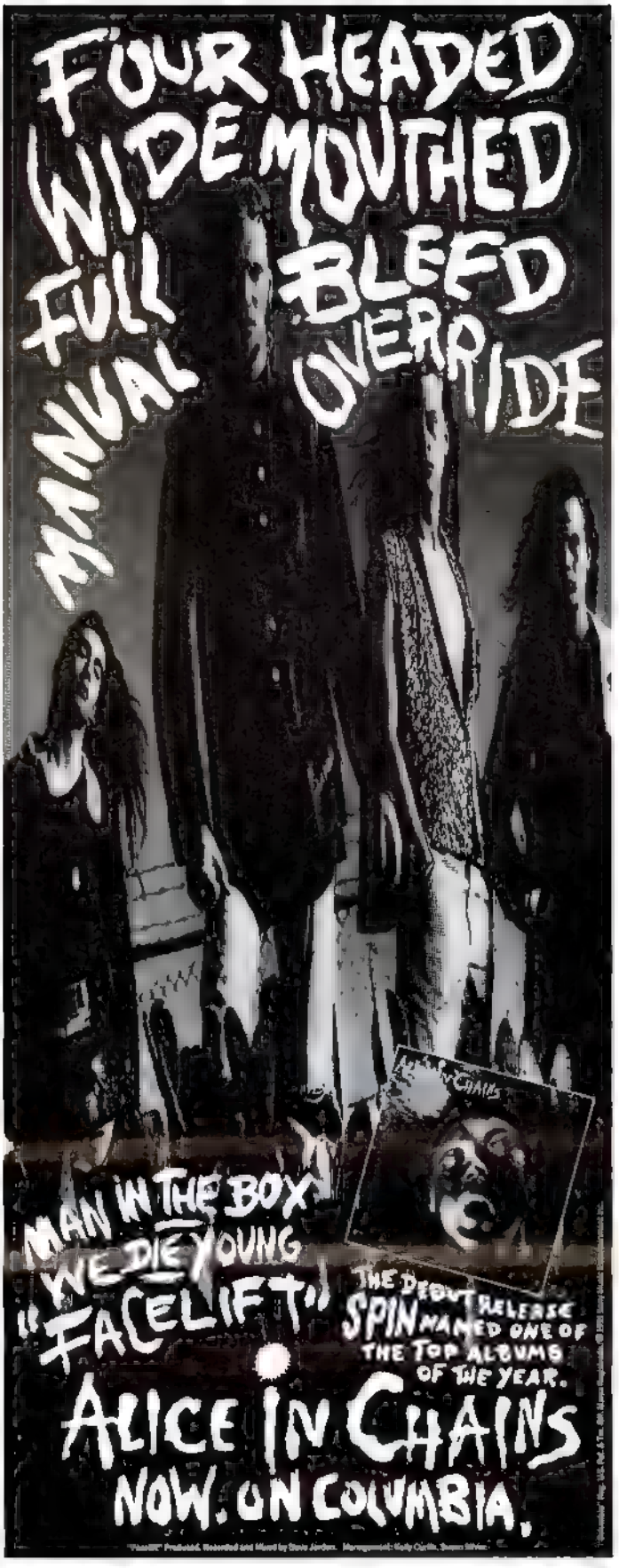
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broke up the Minutemen in 1985, Crawford pursued Minutemen bassist Mike Watt like a dog chasing a car. Watt finally relented, and Firehose was born.

So what does a dog do with a car when he catches it? He just tries to keep up. Crawford spent Firehose's first few records gamely struggling to keep up with the powerhouse rhythm section of Watt and drummer George Hurley. While you had to admire the guy's chutzpah, as often as not he still wound up underneath the car.

Crawford's voice still tends toward chirpy. He's lyrically fuzzy as ever (the best lyric here is on a cover, Daniel Johnston's "Walking the Cow") and he remains Firehose's instrumental weak link. That said, he has also progressed to the point where he can now hold his own and even push his bandmates a little—"O'er the Town of Pedro" is fitted with a cool grunge riff that might have even impressed D. Boon himself.

A generous 16-song offering, *Flyin' the Flannel* reins in some of Firehose's weirder free-form tendencies. That's to say that the solos are shorter, the songs are poppier, and some of the riffing occasionally verges on the metallic (see "Down With the Bass" and "The First Cuss"). The album also continues Firehose's tradition of hilarious peer parodies ("Song for Dave Alvin") and even takes a stab at current events ("Tien An Man Dream Again").

David Menconi

MARSHALL CRENSHAW

Life's Too Short

Paradox/MCA

In 1991, when Ralph Tresvant is leading an Attitudes Anonymous support group and the biggest influence on heavy metal is Jonathan Richman's folk-babble, it's easy to forget how weird Marshall Crenshaw sounded in 1982. He was a nice boy. With glasses. Nice boys didn't rock in 1982. Marshall grinned the inscrutable grin of the teenaged wire-frames thespian, slaving over chord changes in his room till sundown, sneaking out to find big-city pizza and cynical girls by night. He'd break your heart with Beatles-drenched geek-rock classics like "Mary Anne," "Whenever You're on My Mind," "Hold It," and the majestic "Lesson Number One." His '82 debut got dissed as "lightweight"—yeah right, mostly by people who were playing *Imperial Bedroom* all summer. All his six records have at least a handful of great songs, and *Life's Too Short* firmly reestablishes his squat on the nice side of weird, next to Heartbreak Hotel on the blue side of lonesome.

So Marshall kicks it off with chugging guitars and tough talk: Stop putting her down, "you're talking about someone I love." Except when you play it again, you hear that it's her he's singing to, telling her to stop hating herself, get some sun, eat more protein. Marshall's nicer than ever, but his *nice* was never simple, and it sure isn't simple now. *Life's Too Short* depends heavily on its Valhalla bound rhythm section. Drum stud Kenny Aronoff (of Mellencamp fame) and bass plumber Fernando Saunders (pre-Honda Lou Reed) have a lot to say about Marshall's new songs—mostly, "Boom boom boom." *Life's Too Short* is not only Marshall's punchiest record in years, it's a record you'll enjoy arguing with in the privacy of your own room. It's a record you'll enjoy hearing on the headphones as you saunter down the sidewalk. See you there.

Robert Sheffield

ELECTRONIC

Electronic

Warner Bros.

So far the '90s have birthed two supergroups: '70s survivors Damn Yankees and their '80s counterparts, Electronic—composed of Bernard Sumner (of New Order), Johnny Marr (of the Smiths), and part-time members Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe (the Pet Shop Boys, in toto—though not Toto). While nothing they come up with matches the Nuge et al's majestic "High Enough," Electronic is an impressive album.

Where New Order's recent work had grown constricted and generic as they tried to play closer to the center of commercial dance-pop, Electronic's looser production gives Sumner's fragile melodies room to breathe, and his keyboards a chance

Daniel Ponce

BY RICHARD GEHR

WORLD MUSIC IMPRESARIO Verna Gillis always knows when Cuban conga wizard Daniel Ponce comes calling at her Greenwich Village loft. "Did you hear that?" she will ask, after a particularly rhythmic five-beat electric buzz announcing her longtime friend and managee. "No one except Daniel plays so perfect a clave."

When Ponce came to America as an involuntary *marielito* in 1980, he brought with him the traditional Cuban clave, the underlying two-three rhythm that gives the music its characteristic uplifting pulse. In New York, his clave was judged less than perfect by the mainly Puerto Rican *salseros* with whom he performed at Gillis's Soundscape arts center. His Nuyorican colleagues swung to a less familiar three-two salsa beat, and the difference inspired heated exchanges.

Today Ponce has nothing but respect for his Puerto Rican friends. Oscar Hernández, Rubén Blades's music director and keyboardist, produced Ponce's recently released third album, *Chango Te Llama* (Mango), and when we spoke Ponce had been working long and hard with the wickedly piquant keyboardist Hilton Ruiz on their fourth record together. (Laurie Anderson, Mick Jagger, and Sly and Robbie have also called upon him for local color.)

"I support Puerto Rican musicians more than Cuban musicians," Ponce enthuses, "because they play more Cuban music. Most Cubans who moved to Miami think only about fishing, a nice yacht, good food, and that's it. I was born in Havana but I feel more Puerto Rican than anybody because my last name is the second best city in Puerto Rico: Ponce."

The heart of classic Afro-Cuban percussion pounds mightily throughout Ponce's first record, *New York Now!*, which fulfilled a promise made to his barrio and family. But on his second album, *Arawe*, he took the "continental" approach, creating a successful fourth-world blend of Afro-Cuban and Latin jazz, with touches of merengue, rock, and funk.

Chango Te Llama is primarily one hot muffin of a dance platter. Ponce's compulsive beat and nonplastic arrangements set hot Latin jazz against traditional Yoruba invocations (as in "Oferere," which means "look to God"); update a traditional street *rumba* ("Recoje y Vete"); and rapidly shift gears from sizzling salsa into Latin bop with an Ellingtonian flourish ("Mas Blues").

Cuban conga master Daniel Ponce.

Like everyone else in the Latin music industry, Ponce has watched Puerto Rican and Cuban salsa styles slide during the past few years as Dominican merengue has become massively popular. "Merengue is popular because its rhythm is the same as American funk," Ponce figures. But all rhythms, no matter where they end up, go back to Mother Africa, and Ponce vows to remain faithful to those roots. "I don't change my way: Afro-Cuban rhythm is inside the reggae, inside the samba, inside the whatever Afro-Cuban, that is my life."

WONDERFUL WORLD

Sidi Seddiki, *Shouf!* (Globestyle)
Mad Professor, *Psychedelic Dub* (Ariwa/RAS)
Mahotella Queens, *Marriage Is a Problem* (Shanachie)
Thomas Mapfumo, *Chamunorwa* (Mango)
Boiled in Lead, *Orb* (Atomic Theory)

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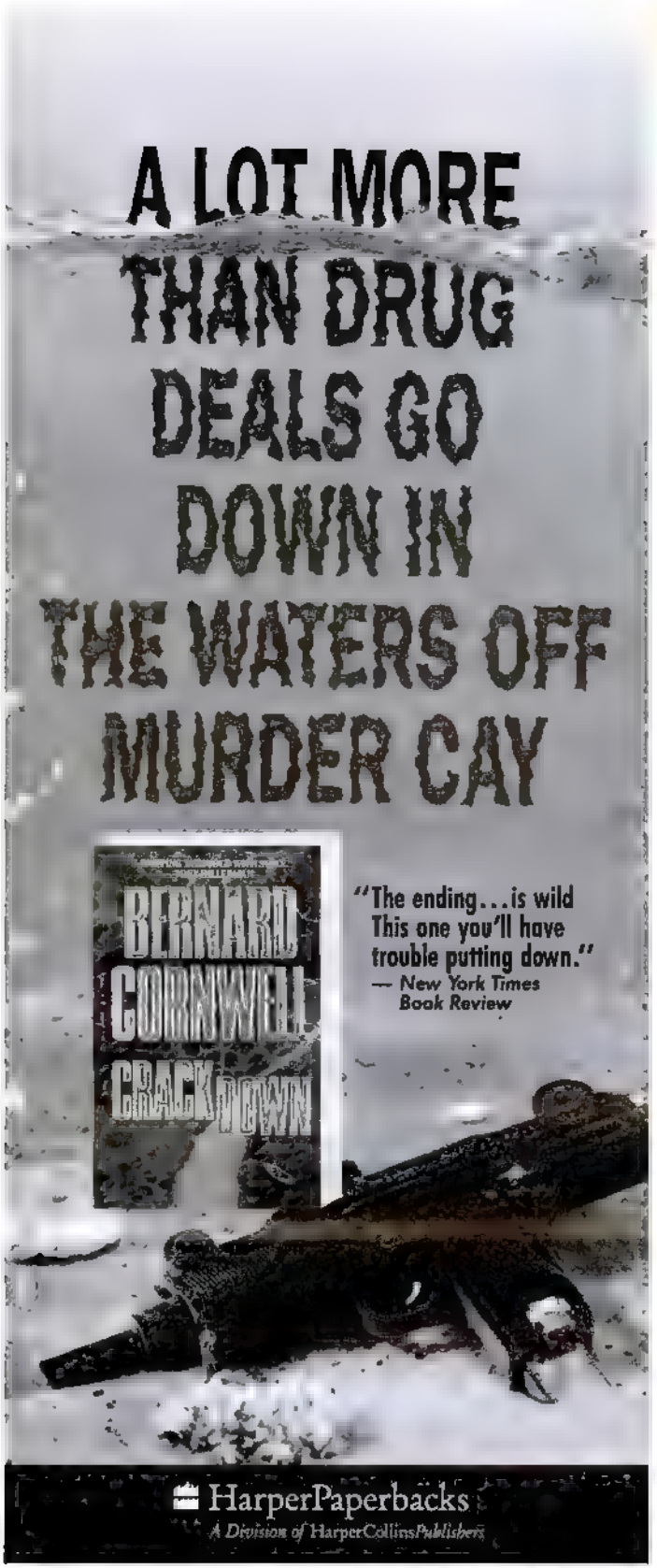

Hank Williams

BY ROB O'CONNOR

"I was thinking, 'How tough does Hank Williams ever get?' He didn't ever shy away from the matter. If you're going to be true to yourself you've got to say, 'Could I say it as cold as Hank Williams did?' "
—Elvis Costello, Musician, *March 1986*

WITH HIS MORPHINE/ALCOHOL–driven death at 29 in the back of a car on New Year's Day, 1953, headed for another in a string of endless gigs, Hank Williams, Sr., epitomized the excess that later came to characterize much of rock'n'roll.

One listen to his *40 Greatest Hits* (an excellent invite for one with casual interest) or the 84-song box set, *The Original Singles Collection . . . Plus* (for the interested but not devoted), or the 8 two-record sets that comprise his complete works (some demos and live cuts excepted) and you'll hear a vibrancy, a fullness of sound comparable to early Beatles LPs, a sorrow inherited by George Jones, Tim Hardin, and Gram Parsons, and an eye for detail that Buddy Holly, Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, and newcomer Mark Lanegan have all sought.

Williams kept it simple: "The silence of a falling star / Lights up a purple sky / And as I wonder where you are / I'm so lonesome I could cry."

Debate continues over who really wrote those lines: Williams, his mentor-editor-producer Fred Rose, or some guy in a backwoods honky-

to jam. Marr, on the other hand, tends to stay in the woodwork on Electronic, as he has on most of his projects since the Smiths' breakup. But the few cuts that do feature his guitar are striking; like the best stuff on George Michael's vastly underappreciated *Listen Without Prejudice Vol. I*, they're a delicious blend of singer-songwriter strumming and contemporary rhythms. Maybe next time they can get George to join the group; better yet, maybe they could join forces with the Yanks and create that power ballad/techno-pop fusion we've all been waiting for.

Ted Friedman

PRIMUS

Sailing the Seas of Cheese
Interscope

On its major-label debut, Primus sails the seas of silliness while maneuvering, with the help of many guest stars, through waves of wackiness. Some call the band's sound psychedelic polka, some call it metal with a funk edge, but whatever you want to call this disc it's filled with awesome bass slapping from lead dude Les "Grandpa" Claypool, thrashy guitar work from Larry "Ler"

LaLonde, and solid drum stuff by Tim "Herb" Alexander. From the 42-second intro, "Seas of Cheese," to the star-studded "Here Come the Bastards," which features Mike "Puffy" Bordin from Faith No More on drums and Butt House from the Limbomaniacs on bass, these tunes are definitely big fun. Tom Waits is the voice of Tommy on "Tommy the Cat," a track that originally appeared on Primus's first album, *Suck On This*. And there's even a sound bite from one of Larry and Les's fave U.K. comedies, *The Young Ones*, on "Los Bastardos."

What is the thread that connects all these musical types—besides the fact that they all live in the Bay Area? They all have funny nicknames. Must be something in the water.

Lauren Spencer

Hank Williams: a mix of tears and hell.

tonk who sold it for a $10 promissory note. No matter, Hank had the sense to use it, and like all great artists, he never borrowed, he stole.

His simplicity leaves plenty of room for the subtlety that country music requires. Dependent on traditions, country relies most heavily on the singer, not on structural inventions. Being pre-postmodern—heck, prerock—the contract between entertainer and audience was still a basic give-the-people-what-they-want agreement. Country music never strove to reach beyond its natural constituency the way rock would 15 years later, partially explaining why country music is perceived as a less important art form than rock.

Besides, a voice choked by emotion often puts off a listener spoiled by today's studio polish. No turd farmer can match Hank Williams' hillbilly drawl—a mix of verbal tears and rudimentary hell. What Hank brings to a song (even one he didn't write) has rarely been matched.

Williams wasn't just a one-sided prophet of doom; with equal grace he could rock out on something silly such as "Roly Poly," "Kaw-Liga," or "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It." Only his Luke the Drifter persona failed the sincerity test. Either overridden with guilt or just looking to cover the religious market, Hank turned out laborious homilies—a hint of humor: "Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals"—led by a church organ, that find him sounding like an uneasy gas attendant delivering a speech at a funeral, lecturing about the need for morality, the sadness of sin, and the benefits of a sober, normal life. It was a life he never made for himself.

3RD BASS

Derelicts of Dialect

Def Jam/Columbia

3rd Bass hasn't had an easy time finding acceptance within the rap industry. Some bands, like Brand Nubian, see the Bass'ers as an invasion of black culture. It was even rumored they were having difficulty getting radio airplay because some stations feared their sound was either "too white" or "too black."

But no one could say *The Cactus Album*, their 1989 debut LP, didn't move. It was a rapper's delight of samples wrapped up in funky, heavy bass beats and strong vocals.

With *Derelicts of Dialect*, 3rd Bass's new album, the band continues to step beyond conventions, but unfortunately at a slower pace. The beginning of the album sounds like a rap cocktail party—slow-moving grooves that are more mellow than hip-hoppy, with samples layered in like melted butter. I had to get to the eight track, "Daddy Rich in the Land Of 1210," before Derelicts took off. But after that, *Derelicts of Dialect* is vintage 3rd Bass—funny, creative, lyrical, and poignant.

Daniel Fidler

JULIAN COPE

Peggy Suicide

Island

For a while, the "big news" in the music press over here was that the Replacements quit drinking, and the big news over *there* was that Julian Cope stopped dropping acid. Why anyone gives a toss is beyond me, but now that you know that, here's the real deal: *Peggy Suicide* is Julian Cope farther out there than he's ever been—acid or no acid.

The liner notes inform this is a concept record. "Puke," you're thinking But relax, this one works. The basic gist? Mother Earth bites it. Pollution, poll tax, AIDS, and war all fit the fucked-up picture, and the accompanying music on this double record is equally as skewed. It's a much looser, but far more intense thrill-ride than his last U.S. release, *St. Julian*. Mix that with Teardrop Explodes' *Wilder*, and you'll have an idea. And for you *120 Minutes* fans, behold, there's still some bouncy pop amid the epic drifters and flipped-out, trippy deals. Cracked, fried, totally together, or hung out on the line, this is Julian Cope in extreme form.

Raymond Rogers

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"What can I say, man? Life is short. Get carried away. Be smart so you live to see another day." Perry goes round the merry-go-round.

Jane's Addiction

continued from page 33

nage à trois involving Perry, his muse Casey Niccoli (and wife by a Mexican Santeria ceremony shown in *Gift*), and another woman known only as "our beloved Xiola Blue." The figures are nude, and the art was rejected by most major distribution chains. Of course. But things softened as sales exploded, and I still haven't seen a copy of the proposed alternative cover in stores, which was white and printed only with the First Amendment. Just like the 1988 release, *Nothing's Shocking*, which featured another of Perry's sculptures—the naked figure of Casey as a Siamese twin—sitting in a rocking love seat with her head(s) on fire: When the furor subsided, Jane's Addiction just shrugged.

And as for Perry's personal defense of free will . . .

"Aw fuck, in England? People were asking me: 'So, Perry Farrell'—question number one on the BBC—'so tell us all about your sleazy life.' And she said it with a smile on her face, as if, 'We both agree that your life is sleazy, and isn't it adorable that you get to share it with us?'

"I say you don't have anything—you don't have a society—until the society is completely shameless. You have shame going through it, that's going to build aggression and suppression, and then people are gonna turn on anyone who does step out of line. If you're shameless, you feel like your sexual impulses—as long as they're within both people's free will—they're fine. Like your impulses to cry, to get wasted. Something bad happens to you, you know, you need a buffer—this earth supplies us with things to relax.

"The people who do drugs—I can see it in their eyes—they want me to hail it. And the people who don't do it want me to hang myself. They want an argument, like, 'Yeah, but what about kids out there?' But my opinion is this: that drugs can be beneficial and they are necessary. How they're used? If they're used improperly, just like a ski, you're gonna break your leg or even worse. So if you don't wanna ski? Don't ski. I wouldn't advocate being a drug addict to anybody; it's a waste of time.

"What can I say, man? Life is short. Get carried away. Be smart so you live to see another day. It's just like surfing—the whole point is to get out of the tube. The whole point about drugs is to wake up and tell the story to your brothers. Nature put 'em here and, as many claim, God is in control of Nature. If he wants them here, who am I to argue?"

Perry cracks a wide, mischievous smile and sucks at the hash. I ask him how that attitude lends spiritual quality to Jane's Addiction.

"Maybe all that there is, really, is the spirituality. Sometimes I feel like you can reach nirvana, like we're in nirvana right now but we just don't know it. This is as good as it gets. We think, 'I know there's got to be something else that makes me happier.' But maybe there isn't."

JANE'S ADDICTION'S GENIUS HAS one collective id and four complete egos. The "penultimate day" tension which charges the space in the center of the band has been boosted by the slow blossoming of wild talent in Eric, David, and Stephen. The Janes have sublimated the strange power—for now—into a total commitment to the band. But, like Perry, they're all aching to pursue other forms of performance, visual, and textual art. They have reconciled themselves to embracing the end of this band exactly like they oversensualize everything else. They are savoring the end.

By the time I catch up with Eric on Sunday, he's already been to a painting exhibit in Rembrandt's house, walked to Anne Frank's house, and made plans to try and catch both a Bach concert and the Throwing Muses. I share my blather about Romanticism with him as we sit on a fire escape on the back wall of the Paradiso, suspended and isolated over a busy canal. The crocuses and tulips are oozing from a lawn across the green water.

"I think that we don't ever just talk in a nihilistic, punk-rock way about how shitty things are. All of us, as people, really are kind of—*naive* isn't the right word—but almost determinedly naive."

Jane's Addiction has grown in everyone's mind as an entity apart from the early dyed-black-and-nipples-pierced doom-and-gloom crowd in L.A.—a crowd on which the band fed for a while after Perry left his original band, Psicom, and was found by Eric in 1985. The band looked the part, with the dreads and the dye and the smart hats, and it also had the sonic agony to whip up the nihilism and artful death. But the band has an uncanny instinct for Beauty.

"There're resolutions to the search. And even though they may be transitory and ephemeral, there is a resolution after each resolution, without a sense of giving up," Eric says.

Recently a friend who is conscious of Eric's struggle with drugs approached him and suggested he fill the void left by chemicals with a belief in God. Eric told the friend that, for him, art was better than any religion, because, as a committed cynic, there was no other place to be so readily reaffirmed of man's few shining qualities. Through art, you can see the potential for greatness in people you might normally hate.

" 'Scratch a cynic and find a Romantic' is me and has been me previous to Jane's Addiction," says Eric with a nod. "I think that's a lot of us, but personally, that sums up my life from the time I was fourteen or something like that. I went to this cemetery about an hour and a half outside of L.A. with my girlfriend, because it's supposedly the most active parapsychological spot in North America. And I don't believe in ghosts. *But I so wish that I could, y'know?*

"So my lack of belief in people has to exist because I believe that there must be someone out there who is good. It is the Romantic belief that breeds the cynic, because you look with Romantic eyes and you don't see what you want."

With the arrival of 1992, Eric plans to concentrate on writing and painting. Mostly writing. So does Dave Navarro. Mostly painting. Dave, like Eric, talks a lot about feeling "removed" from the juggernaut that Jane's Addiction has become.

"There's definitely a tension and an inner struggle within the band and myself, as far as that goes," says Dave, "because as much as I love playing live and producing albums with this band, on the other side I am just as excited about having it end. I want it to be over and have it be just a chapter in my life. I don't want to be 'the guitar player from Jane's Addiction' for my life. But it's something I'm very pleased with at the moment."

After almost five years of being the most camera-shy member of Jane's Addiction—indeed, often simply missing in action for months at a time—Navarro gets the Most Improved Jane's Award. At the ripe old age of 23, he has emerged as one of the most eccentric, powerful, and studied guitar players around in the first few months of 1991. I am fascinated by what will become of his untrained, unpracticed, self-taught sonic-weaving technique in the absence of Perry's emotional punctuation. Or, for that matter, with another vocalist who can really sing instead of shriek.

"I think maybe a lot of that has to do with the absence of drugs and alcohol, to tell you the truth," says Navarro. "I also see it coming out in myself a lot, but—I tell you, I get so self-absorbed when I'm fucked up, and pretty much all that runs through my head is that I'm blowin'

THE DOUGLAS BROTHERS

it. And that no one thinks I'm any good.

"I've been struggling with getting sober. That's not to say that I am. But I think that has a great deal to do with it. I find that performance is a wonderful thing when you're sober."

"Last year, it just looked real bad," remembers Stephen Perkins, casting an ever-vibrant glow in the American Cafe. The only Jane who was never addicted, the 23-year-old has had to sit by and watch the others slowly come around to sobriety. Or at least gain control, in Perry's case. "We'd try to pull rehearsals together and Dave would call and say, 'Oh, I can't make it.' Perry would show up two hours late. Because of drugs. They were just more into getting high than working. And now it's turned around."

Dave and Stephen have played together since high school, when they skidded through a number of speed-metal outfits. When Stephen successfully auditioned for Perry and Eric in 1986, he suggested they try Dave as well.

"Somehow the inner tension of the band translates to the audience and to the listeners," muses Dave when challenged to pinpoint the band's strange power. "And translates in a way that is not understood. I've always found that sometimes things that are not completely understood are misinterpreted as spiritual. That old thing that 'The unknown is an attraction.' It's nothing that we set out to do.

"I've never really considered myself a musician. I'm basically self-taught; I never practice. I never pick up a guitar apart from onstage. I mean, we hardly rehearse as a band, the four of us."

In the end, I find that Dave is best able to sum up what the tensions are within the band, and why there is a reason for it to end.

"I share opinions of [Perry's]," says Dave softly, his bright soft eyes and bushy black dreads ringing in the dark at the Nightwatch Cafe. "I don't know what his overall vision is, and I am aware of different ideas that he has, and some of them I agree with and some of them I don't. But I could hate everything he says and still stay in this band. It was just a mistake, a happy accident. This is what I'm doing now. It really comes down to that.

"I'm walking through this. I'm waiting, I'm riding it through, and I'm not a quitter. But at the same time, this is what I wanted. I don't think I'll ever be satisfied." ⊕

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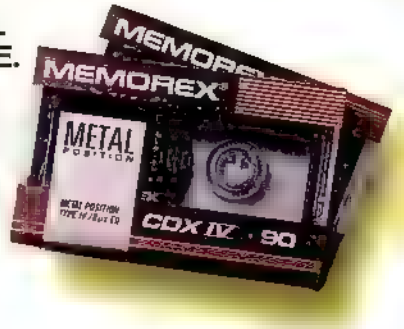

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Bob Marley

continued from page 68

man who did not back down if confronted, but who had never picked a fight in his life.

"Jamaica is a place where you build up competition in your mind," Marley mused, contrasting the Kingston music scene with the tribalist gang strife that raged parallel to it. "Them feel like, say, you must fight against me, and I must fight against you.

"We should all come together and create music and love, but is too much poverty. *Too much poverty.* People don't get no time to feel and spend them intelligence. The most intelligent people is the poorest people. Yes, the thief them rich, pure robbers and thieves, rich! The intelligent and innocent are poor, are crumbled and get brutalized. Daily.

"Me don't love fighting," he summarized, as a tiny doctor bird hummed in the boughs about his maned head, "but me don't love wickedness either. My father was a captain in the army [actually "Captain" Marley, whom Bob never knew well, was only a custodian of the rural Crown lands]. I guess I have a kinda war thing in me. But is better to die fighting for yar freedom than to be a prisoner all the days of your life."

Bob Marley did not want his countrymen or himself to be captives of poverty's snares, trapped in the rat maze of its political street rackets. Early on, Marley had rejected the gang world in favor of the benevolent community of the Rasta faith. But as his cultural stature in the Caribbean increased, so did the envy of the belligerent political forces converging against him. Marley was trying to share the best of shantytown with the world, but the worst of shantytown wanted him silenced.

MARLEY'S *RASTAMAN VIBRATION* ALBUM HIT stores in the spring of 1976, just as the gang battle in Jamaica's back alleys was reaching its full fury. The LP's songs reflected Marley's anguish over the bloody tumult. Among *Rastaman*'s most outspoken tracks were "Who the Cap Fit," a song about personal and political duplicity, "Johnny Was," a lament for innocent victims of gang violence, and "War," an adaptation of a 1968 Haile Selassie speech about human rights. But it was "Rat Race," released as a single on Marley's local Tuff Gong label, that electrified Kingston with its denunciation of "political violence in your city," Bob's snarling chorus announcing that "Rasta don't work for no CIA!"

An astoundingly blunt record even by reggae standards, *Rastaman Vibration* assumed a strong moral stance that most tribalist political goons also took as partisan.

At noon on June 19, 1976, Governor-General Florizel Glasspole declared a state of emergency, putting Jamaica under martial law. Up at 56 Hope Road, a contingent of PNP bad boys paid a call on Bob Marley, informing him that Michael Manley was "inviting" Bob to perform at a free "Smile Jamaica" concert sponsored by the Ministry of Culture, to "keep de lid on till de election." Manley's theory was that expectations of this "Jamaican Woodstock" would defuse tensions on the island. Marley was informed that he had no choice but to comply with the request.

On December 3, 1976, just after sunset, two white Datsuns containing at least seven gunmen sped through the front gate of 56 Hope Road and attacked the main house, where Marley and the Wailers were in rehearsal. The gunmen sprayed the house with automatic weapons fire.

Bob was in the kitchen at the rear of the house, eating a piece of grapefruit during a band break, when a gunman burst through the door and opened fire. Bob's then-manager Don Taylor took five bullets in his lower body and collapsed in a heap; he nearly bled to death. A single bullet creased Marley's breast below his heart and drilled into his arm.

Miraculously, the attempt to assassinate Marley would fail, and he would go on to perform two days later at the Smile Jamaica festival. Marley left the island by private plane in the early hours of morning on Monday, December 6, 1976, and would not return for more than a year.

The gunmen involved in the ambush of Bob Marley began to turn up dead, hunted down by Rasta vigilantes. Those found in Kingston or tracked to urban hideouts had been shot, most of them through the head. Those who fled to the hills had their throats neatly slit, as a bushman does with his goats at slaughtering time.

Manley went on to win the election, but violence on the island continued to escalate. The gunmen involved in the ambush of Bob Marley began to turn up dead, hunted down by Rasta vigilantes. Those found in Kingston or tracked to urban hideouts as far off as New York City had been shot, most of them through the head. Those who fled to the hills had their throats neatly slit, as a bushman does with his goats at slaughtering time. Two men were poisoned with a powerful herbal hallucinogen that drove them insane. One of them was later hung in an open field; the other has never been found. He is reliably reported to have been buried alive.

The motives behind the attempted assassination were manifold, encompassing a fixed-race scam by Marley associates at Kingston's Caymanas Track; Marley was not involved in the scam but when the fixers left Jamaica with the loot, some unpaid posse men used their dilemma as an excuse to extort money from, and then ambush, Bob Marley.

However, one of the last men slain in revenge for the assassination attempt was Carl 'Byah' Mitchell, a JLP goon active in the burgeoning new West Kingston cocaine trade. According to in-depth confidential discussions this writer has had over the last decade with key members of the JLP and PNP, former United States Information Service agents stationed in Jamaica in 1976, and New York City law-enforcement officials currently active in U.S. prosecution of Jamaican drug posses under the Federal RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act) statutes, Byah Mitchell was generally believed to have been contracted by the Central Intelligence Agency to plant and instruct some of the gunmen who staged the murderous assault on Marley's house. Byah's involvement in the assault group was seen to be a facet of the CIA/JLP destabilization campaign that Manley had long been railing against in the press.

What's always been most puzzling in Kingston circles is the fact that some members of the assault squad came from Marley's own former PNP neighborhood of Concrete Jungle. One-third of the reason for this vengeful breach of neighborhood kinship is that the jilted members of the race-fixing cartel had been friends of Marley's own ghetto chums. The second piece of the puzzle is that these toughs were eager to prove their mettle by gunning down a reggae hero—particularly someone who seemed to be trying to play it both ways politically in case Manley didn't get past Seaga in the latest election. Shortly before the shooting, Marley had been seen hanging out on alternate nights with PNP kingpin Bucky Marshall and key JLP hood Claudie Massop. If Marley didn't respect tribalism, it was argued, why should these young assassins?

The third piece of the puzzle is that as far back as 1976 political bad-men who had customarily been in the exclusive employ of one or another political party were just starting to go "independent"—taking what they had learned about money laundering and racketeering in order to work scams (big-ticket ganja smuggling, cocaine production and export) that actually cut across neighborhood lines. Both the JLP and PNP vigorously fought this trend, even purging renegades by setting them up for the other side to butcher, but "free-lance stylee" still flourished.

Recruitment for independent gang activities was intense among homeless slum boys in their teens. Indeed, even Bob Marley and his band had been astounded at the youthfulness of the Hope Road assailants, several of the hit team appearing to be 16 years old or *younger.* (To bolster their courage before the assault, each of the green young gunmen had reportedly been urged to snort and eat large doses of cocaine.)

Only years after the assassination attempt did savvy Caribbean analysts realize that Marley's would-be slayers were in the vanguard of an ugly

new brand of adolescent ghetto "ninja" who killed solely for money and personal reputation rather than for politics. Yet even *they* were being used by both political parties (and the CIA) to carry out an untraceable crime: the near-murder of the Tuff Gong.

(And the crime remained untraceable because the Rasta vigilantes were mysteriously tipped off as to the whereabouts of each gunman; not a single one ever lived to face formal charges. As former Marley manager Don Taylor would later testify under oath in an unrelated court case, "None of the alleged assassins were brought to trial. None of them are alive. Because of the love of Bob Marley by the people, the people took it upon themselves. They could investigate better than the police. . . .")

IT WAS INDICATIVE OF BOB MARLEY'S IDEALISM AND his commitment to his country that he chose the 1978 One Love Peace Concert in Kingston for his return to Jamaica.

For Marley, the concert proved to be another life-affirming triumph, he being the only man in Jamaica's history who could have induced mortal enemies Michael Manley and Edward Seaga to lock hands with him onstage at the show's climax.

But the truce didn't last.

The most encouraging by-product of the One Love Peace Concert was *Kaya*, the album of love songs that Bob Marley had written to coincide with the tribalist peace treaty initiative. *Kaya* debuted on the *Billboard* charts on the day of the show and stayed on the survey for a solid 50 weeks, with "Is This Love" becoming one of Marley's most revered compositions.

The battle for Jamaica roared onward, however, and the 1980 election campaign became the island's bloodiest in modern times. By that point, Manley had brought Jamaica to an economic standstill; he was isolated in world economic circles because of a slate of democratic socialist policies so confused even his own cabinet members confessed they could not interpret them. The disorder in Jamaica House was matched by near anarchy in the streets, with 800 dead from political violence.

The defeat of Manley (by a wide margin) on October 30, 1980, led to eight years of bankrupt, Reagan-steered rule by Seaga. He became a key architect of the so-called Caribbean Basin Initiative (CBI), whose only real economic consequence for Jamaica was *military* subsidies.

In truth, the entire CBI program had been a bribe to induce Jamaica and the rest of the Caribbean's few conservative regimes to accredit the 1983 U.S. armed invasion of Grenada. It also provided a cover for $75 million in additional combat funding for a covert U.S. war in a country that had heretofore never even been called Caribbean: El Salvador.

And as usual, Bob Marley had been callously exploited by politicians in order to distract the Jamaican people from their shadow agenda. In April 1981, just a few weeks prior to Marley's death, recently elected Prime Minister Seaga announced the cancer-stricken singer had been awarded the Jamaican Order of Merit, officially designating him a national hero. Since Marley was critically ill in a Bavarian clinic, Seaga arranged for Ziggy Marley, Bob's eldest son, to accept the award in Kingston. Because the honor coincided with the announcement of the CBI aid program, the people of shantytown saw it as a sign that Seaga might show new empathy for Bob's constituency, the *sufferahs*.

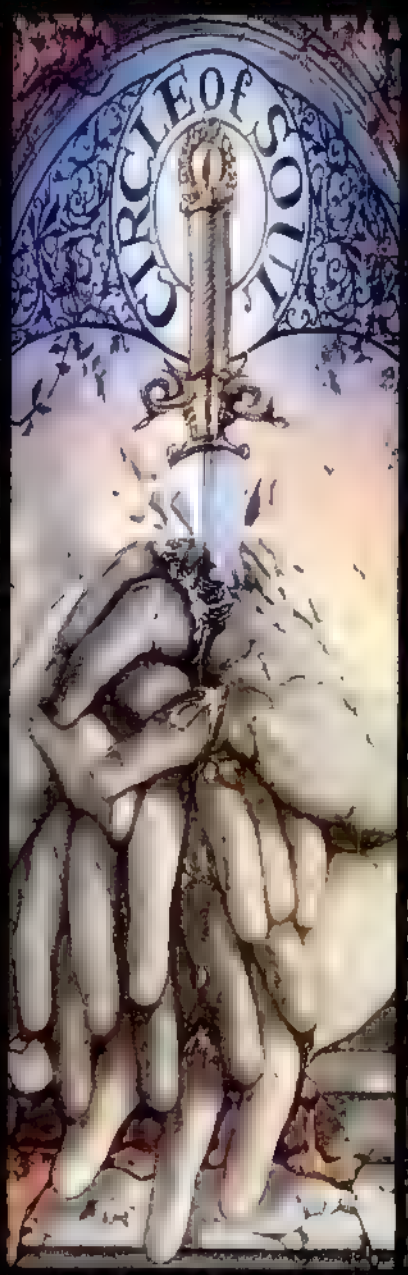
Wrong again: A confidential CIA–State Department memo sent from the U.S. embassy in Kingston on April 28, 1981, revealed the actual motive behind Seaga's surprisingly timed bestowal of the Order of Merit: to depict as irredeemable unpatriotic opposition leader Michael Manley's People's National Party. Thus, Seaga had both humiliated the defeated Manley's democratic socialists and defused the explosive legacy of the third world's most renowned rabble-rouser.

Just before noon on May 11, 1981, 36-year-old Bob Marley died in Miami, Florida, of cancer of the liver, lungs, and brain, only 40 hours after he left Germany, where he had been receiving medical treatment. Once Marley was safely interred, the Seaga government moved to gain additional identification with the fallen hero by issuing a series of postage stamps bearing Bob's image, each of the various miniature color photos superimposed on sheet music of his best-known compositions. The musical notation to "Exodus" graced the 2-cent stamp, that of "Coming in From the Cold" adorned the 15-cent issue, and "Could You Be Loved" appeared on the 3-dollar stamp. In this way, the image of Bob Marley was empowered to carry postcards, parcels and letters from Jamaica to the four corners of the world.

Sadly, much of that mail, whether overseas editions of the *Daily Gleaner* or letters from home, told of Jamaica's mounting social disintegration. Seaga's decision to allow foreign imports into Jamaica had shattered its economy. Smaller businesses failed. Unemployment skyrocketed. Prices for such necessities as gasoline, medicine, farm tools, schoolbooks, and soap all soared. The only encouraging areas of commerce were tourism and the starving peasantry's ganja cultivation, which Reagan still demanded Seaga stamp out. (Problem was, the biggest traffickers in the $1 billion enterprise were locally alleged to be senior officials of the Seaga government and police force.)

Manley was reelected in February 1989 with a clear majority in the Jamaican parliament. He promptly disavowed any sympathies for Communism, said he had abandoned "all thoughts of nationalization" of island industries, and promised to "release the spirit of entrepreneurship" in deference to the United States' wishes. His own former policies completely discredited, he was actually trying to sound like Seaga! But nobody really cared anymore—not the populace, not the politicians, and certainly not the United States, which flew a drowsy Vice President Dan Quayle into Kingston for a 15-minute news conference in which he told Manley, "In recent years, we have worked together in the war against illegal drugs, and on behalf of President Bush, I want to congratulate you on your leadership in fighting this courageous battle."

Quayle plainly hadn't been reading the last two years of investigative reports and columns in the *Daily Gleaner*, each saying that Jamaican drug posses currently rampaging across America



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had been traced directly back to their PNP and JLP tribalist origins in Kingston.

Investigators this writer talked with conclude that the homicidal gangs that Jamaica's two political leaders created, trained, and fostered are now beyond their command. As Carl Stone, Jamaica's top nonpartisan columnist, wrote in the *Gleaner* in July 1990: "The situation of the street gangs has changed fundamentally since the 1970s. Politics is a minor source of income for the gangs and they are no longer dependent on the politician. They have been replaced by a new generation of younger, tougher and more ruthless leaders who have less loyalty to politicians. Drugs have emerged as the main income source for the street gangs in the 1980s and 1990s, replacing politically connected income sources. Additionally, the newly emergent drug don is challenging the politician for control of political territory in some areas of the city where ten years ago, the politician's word was law."

Hence, the Cromanty Curse has again come to pass, through which the hand of the oppressor is caused to turn upon its owner. Kingston posses are now menacing the entire political hierarchy of the country, the death toll often reaching 100 in a given month as unaffiliated drug gangs storm police stations to free drug dons who have renounced their old party ties. Manley and Seaga created the political bad-men and posse dons, and now these monsters are literally coming to get *them*.

The JLP ranks have been torn apart by scandals that include a vicious anti-Seaga party revolt and an intramural JLP blackmail and espionage ring linked to the massive JLP gun-smuggling that precipitated the 1976 state of emergency and the attempt on Bob Marley's life.

The PNP is simultaneously gripped by a wave of cabinet-level corruption in which seven top officials (including a cancer-recuperating Manley) have been ordered to pay back millions in taxpayer's money which they allegedly spent on their private homes. Six *other* members of Manley's government stand accused of gross incompetence, negligence and bad faith in the execution of their duties. All of which had the *Gleaner*'s headlines screaming: GOVERNMENT SHOULD RESIGN—STENCH RISES AS MORAL AUTHORITY LOST.

If there are any small glimmers of sunlight in this bleak firmament, they are generated on the island by Bunny Wailer's 1991 reggae Grammy for *Time Will Tell: A Tribute to Bob Marley*, plus the spunky productivity of Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, whose fine new *Jahmekya* album continues the Marley tradition of socially responsible reggae.

Throughout Bob Marley's life, he rarely heard his own music on his native radio airwaves. Now, the Jamaican Tourist Board is using a non-Marley rendition of Bob's "One Love" anthem ("One love / One heart / Come to Jamaica and feel alright") as its new theme song. Reflecting on the first decade since Marley's death, it's clear how much has been lost, yet it's also heartening how much has prevailed against awesome odds.

All Bob Marley's adversaries are dead now or vanquished. And yet Bob Marley's music is more popular than at any point during his career. In another ten years, it's likely that no one will value or even care to recall Manley or Seaga, while Marley will remain synonymous with the best of Jamaica and its history.

Meantime, the *sufferahs* in the shantytowns of West Kingston are barely subsisting in squalor twice as horrendous as that which the young Tuff Gong knew. So when these downtrodden say, "Send us another Bob Marley," they are not asking for another musical superstar, or another candidate for the Order of Merit. They are simply seeking a kindred spirit of the kind who would believe that "The most intelligent people is the poorest people."

They want a leader who needn't run for office, so long as he has the integrity to fulfill his true destiny. They need a person with the courage to act on hope, a role model whose voice is the mirror of his conscience. And if that person ever comes, he *will* be the next Bob Marley.

As Bob himself states near the close of *Talkin' Blues*, "Me love everyone, but all me don't love is the people who fight against me—me don't love them. But me enjoy them because me can sit down and think of them and write music about them, and then me can *leave* from that vibration and be more positive and be nice!

"We have to sing love songs, you know," Marley concludes solemnly. "*We have to sing love songs.*"

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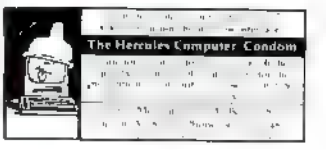

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This Land Is Our Land

If we are what we eat, TAMA JANOWITZ's ingest-igative reporting may explain a lot.

I USED TO READ THE ADS LISTED under "RECIPES" in the back of the *National Enquirer* and dream about ordering them, things like HELLUPTIZE GERMAN HOTDISH, YAM DOUGHNUT, and GRANNY MAY'S SECRET OZARK APPLE SALAD.

After around ten years it occurred to me that I was now financially well-off enough to be able to order some of these fascinating recipes if I wanted to.

I once met the restaurant critic from a famous newspaper. He told me the newspaper spent more than $90,000 a year in restaurant bills so that his reviews would be unbiased. Probably the man had not had a home-cooked meal in years.

I liked to think about inviting this poor man over, along with others to whom I owed return dinner invitations, and serving them the VIENNA CAKE (simple, $5), which Marie Rodriguez, 2237 Hugh Edwards Drive, Jacksonville, Florida, was going to part with, and other mail-order cuisine adventures.

I spent almost 20 dollars hoping to obtain the most representative recipes. The costliest was the *Nothing but Dumplings* cookbook ($6.00) for the dumpling lovers only. Apparently Susan Zenisek of Sarona, Wisconsin, was a dumpling lover: She had published her own cookbook on the subject, and dedicated it to her husband, "who loves dumplings."

There were recipes for stuffed dumplings, as well as cheese-filled dumplings, potato-filled, cabbage-filled, meat-filled, mushroom-filled, and fruit-filled.

Under SOUP DUMPLINGS, soup being one of the chief raison d'êtres of dumplings, there were Russian Dumplings, Liver Dumplings, Swedish Meat Dumplings, Almond Dumplings, and something enigmatically known as Firm Microwave Dumplings.

There was also a category entitled SIDE DISH, with even more recipes. Sue Zenisek was obviously not running any mealy scam by sending a person only one or two dumpling recipes after cashing their check for $6.00.

Another package read:

HI TO MY NEW FRIEND AND POPPY-SEED LOVER!!! I love to cook and bake and I expect you do too! . . .
MAMA G'S FABULOUS POPPY-SEED CAKE–
CAKE BATTER:
1 cup buttermilk
1 cup poppy seed
1 cup shortening (like SPRY)

Here I stopped. What was Spry? The recipe for poppy-seed lovers came from Orchard Lake, Minnesota—was Spry a product indigenous to the area? How many poppy-seed lovers were out there, desperately trying to inject poppy seed and Spry into every recipe? Was Mama G aware there might be some sort of narcotic effect in the consumption of so much poppy product?

Cajun Cookin 15 Family Recipes contained a recipe for CAJUN CHICKEN LOAF, using two pounds of ground chicken, one cup oatmeal, and catsup. I suppose there was no reason why a Cajun family shouldn't eat chicken loaf.

Then an envelope arrived with five recipes; I didn't know at first just which advertisement they were from.

FIDEOS
1 package Ronzoni Fideos (in Spaghetti and Pasta section of market)
5 tablespoons corn oil
½ cup tomato sauce
1 cup water
salt to taste

MACARON REINDADO
(Yes, MACARON, not MACARONI.)
1 lb. hamburger
1 box Ronzoni
5 eggs
Salt and pepper to taste
Grated Parmesan cheese (optional)

It could only be that at long last I had received the LOW COUNTRY BOIL, Geechee Tradition. Apparently the Geechee tradition was to eat utterly bland pasta flavored with only a tiny bit of tomato sauce; when the Geechees went really wild they threw in some hamburger and *possibly* a little Parmesan cheese. I did not want to think badly of the Geechees and their low country boil. I did not want to say anything derogatory about the Geechees, but then the Geechees—whoever they were—had never really been known for their cooking. If only I could have paid a visit to the person who had committed to paper the *boil* recipes of the Geechee Tradition. But they did not give out their home address.

Some did, though. What if I were to take a little trip down to visit? Perhaps I would stop at 2003 Guilford College Road, Jamestown, North Carolina, where the WORLD'S GREATEST CHEESECAKE recipe was mailed to anyone who had two dollars.

And if I showed up on their doorstep, with a large suitcase and their recipe clutched in my hand, it was hard to see how they could object. I would knock on the door and say, "Hello!"

I could see their faces at the window, white and yeasty from consuming too much HOLIDAY LEFTOVER Turkey Soup and ENGLISH DELIGHT Simply Irresistible Dessert. They open the door of their trailer home, or their wooden shack, or their custom-built ranch house . . . "Yes? Can I help you?"

"I ordered your recipe a while ago. I don't know if you remember me—I sent you that check for two dollars?—I haven't been feeling too well lately, but of course, that's not your fault. Anyway, I was in the area and I remembered you address and thought I'd stop by. . . ."

Postscript:
I must apologize now for ever thinking that the recipes involving Ronzoni pasta were the Geechee Tradition LOW COUNTRY BOIL. I am still unable to indentify which ad they came from, but the next day a recipe entitled LOW COUNTRY BOIL arrived:

"Congratulations on your decision to order the most unique party recipe in America. Since none of your 'Low Country Boil' guests will have ever heard of this recipe before, you can claim it as your own invention. . . . The recipe originates from the backwater areas of the Ogeechee River in coastal south Georgia. . . ."

It was a surprise to me to learn the variety of ingredients available in the backwater areas of Georgia. The recipe called for, among other things, frozen corn on the cob.

JAIME BYONOO

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